

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 14, No. 37. {The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Proprietors.  
Office—18 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, JULY 27, 1901.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.  
Per Annum [in advance], \$2. Whole No. 713.

## Things in General.

THE acknowledged fact that the chief use of words is to conceal the truth should make Canadians refrain from deluging the prospective King with addresses. Though he is not old, he must know that the subject or committee who throws in his face a dishpanful of words so sorted as to express loyalty, has but little regard for the real thing. Everyone detests a busybody, and the man who inserts himself as the framer of an address with an anxiety to appear as the reader of it, is almost invariably the least worthy and most undesirable of his class. In celebrations such as we are about to undertake to welcome Royalty, the better class of citizens have no show except as spectators. The busybodies and gadflies of society, the public nuisances, ear-stormers and wind-jammers are always in front. To have read an address to the future King is honor enough for some pestilential social mosquito who would rather be slapped by a Royal hand than never to have touched the vice-regal person. These pests have organized themselves, or are likely to do so, or have obtained some status in reputable organizations, to such an extent that whoever has charge of the reception should light a smudge and smoke them out. It is due to Canadians that slim-waisted and narrow-bottomed horn-blowers should not establish themselves as the type of men produced in this country, which is the cradle of as fine a race as the world has ever seen. I wish I could reach the ear of the man who has the alleged pageant in charge, and my contribution would be an able-bodied hickory club with which to quiet these fellows with inflamed mouths.

As I remarked some weeks ago, the right way to entertain the Prince, who has been wearied by listening to the moutings of energetic nobodies, is to give him a rest, take him out bass-fishing, and give his wife a chance to mend her stockings. The absolute lack of originality which has marked every suggestion made by the reception committees of all sorts, is probably typically Canadian, for in this country, where originality is invariably suppressed, the mosquito and the tree-toad make the music. It seems a pitiful thing that the country which by the valor of its soldiers, the patriotism of its citizens, and the aggressiveness of its Government, has put itself in the foremost rank of all the nations "whose footsteps are heard approaching," should not rise superior to such jerkwater entertainments and such squirt-gum orators as are likely to monopolize the time of His Royal Highness.

TALKING about Royalty, the replies of King Edward VII. to the utterances of people of the United States who have recently interviewed him, calling them "loyal and dutiful," are quite unintelligible unless the new ruler of the British realm intends, sentimentally at least, to assert himself as the head of the English-speaking race. This method of replying to "American" addresses has been used by him more than once, and is causing much comment in London, and to a certain extent creating quite a little gossip in the United States. King Edward may possess a greatness of which we have never suspected him. His apparent assumption of being the emperor of the English-speaking world may have been carefully calculated. The United States is apparently sure of being the industrial leader of the earth, and Presidential and other questions being so embarrassing, it is not impossible that King Edward's position as a figurehead for the entire Anglo-Saxon race may be accepted. It is a large idea, but a kingly one.

THE strike of the Canadian Pacific trackmen has failed to touch public sentiment, as strikes often do. Admittedly the Canadian Pacific Railway Company pays the best wages which are paid to trackmen anywhere in America. The International Union which called the men out does not deny the truth of this answer made to those who petitioned. Nor has it been explained why the best paymaster of all the railroads should be the one upon which a strike should be inflicted. If an answer were made it would probably be that the Canadian Pacific's stock being over par and its money-making qualities established, it was deemed prudent to try to raise the wages of trackmen on a road which could afford to pay the price. This is a poor argument, yet it is the only one which can be advanced. There is a suspicion amounting to almost a certainty that the president of the Trackmen's International Union has been biased in his judgment, to say the least, against the road which has its mileage in Canada instead of in the United States, where he belongs. To suppose a case, it would not seem improbable to the observer that the president of the International Union was influenced by United States roads, either by prospective gain for himself or the people he represents. For instance, he might have been promised by managers of roads alien to the people of this country, that if he succeeded in a strike here the wages would be raised there. If damage could be done to the C.P.R. by a general report, during the busiest season of the year, that the roadbed was out of repair and no trackmen were working upon it, the United States railways could well afford to make some such promise or even pay out considerable cash. As the Hamilton "Times" pointed out, there is a great danger in these international unions using Canada as the butt-end of a scheme which will give Canadians the worst of it, no matter whether the strike ends in favor of the men or their employers. Nowadays it behoves everyone to watch the one who influences any movement, either of labor, capital or sentiment, to the extent at least of discovering the true meaning of those who disturb existing conditions.

A N evening contemporary is on the war-path after the gamblers. The expedition is a very laudable one, as indeed are all those crusades which require no scalps to decorate the returning warrior. It is an easy thing to be virtuous when there is nothing to be done but "holler." The newspaper which makes raids upon the business of its advertisers loses a certain amount of patronage, and consequently is very slow in either prosecuting or persecuting offenders who pay so much per diem to attract business. The gamblers, unfortunately for themselves, are not advertisers, and have no pull with anyone except those to whom they pay a certain amount for immunity. As this is not paid to the newspapers, they have no journalistic friends. I may be wrong, but I think the rottenest thing in the town would find newspaper defenders if the good word had to be said or the advertisement cancelled. It is a tough proposition, but it must be remembered that the ordinary newspaper lives on the advertiser, not on the subscriber. The rate charged brings no profit to the publisher from the sales. Upon the advertiser alone he relies. Everyone can figure the result for himself. The paper cheap in price must be cheap in methods and morals. The gambler, or the keeper of a gaming-house, is an easy thing to thump. For immorality in other directions the ordinary newspaper squares itself by pounding the man from whom no revenue is derived.

Our contemporary, which is perhaps not less virtuous than the rest of us, admits that gambling is inherent. Everyone gambles, from the boy who plays marbles "for keeps" to the one who buys stocks on a margin. The man

who marries perhaps takes the biggest chance of any, for he becomes tied for life to somebody who, after a time, may not be pleasing. The man who starts a business with only fifty per cent. of his stock represented by cash, and the bank which begins to trade with just enough to save it from bankruptcy, are gamblers. The farmer who puts in his crop and waits to see the rain come, and watches the heat, and takes thought of the frost, is also a gambler; he is taking chances. Those who go to a gaming-house and lose money are fools, of course, possibly vicious fools, but as a rule they only risk a few dollars, while the farmer risks the land upon which he works and the food upon which his family is to be nourished during the winter, when he takes chances in putting in a large acreage of wheat. Chance, luck, Providence, whatever we may call it, is relied upon to a startling extent by everybody. There is no certainty in this world except a Government job, and that people desire to evade the chances is shown by the small stipends which men will accept from a Government to make their future certain. Ninety-nine per cent. of the people would rather be sure than take the chance of being sorry; but the world is so constituted that men must take chances either of hard work, small pay, bankruptcy, ruin or almost any sort, rather than a return to savagery where no one takes thought of the morrow, and yet barbarians even play games where fortune decides the ownership of blankets, horses, tepees, canoes, and everything else.

I once ventured to say that as gambling was so inextricably mixed with human nature it would be wise to re-

that sort, and never reach for the reason. Even the weather bulletin, which those about to go on an excursion or a picnic invariably consult, which every newspaper publishes, tells us what to expect, but never tells us why. We are told that a cold wave is coming from Manitoba or that a storm has been discovered approaching from Missouri, but we have little or no idea of how the elements or the study of meteorology present such conditions as make prophecy with regard to what will happen in heat or cold as given out from the Observatory, almost unfailingly accurate.

Aside from the sweltering faith which we have in those who make the predictions, it might in this hot weather be worth while to speak of heat in general. There is a saying in Spanish countries that no one but a foreigner, a fool, or a dog will walk on the sunny side of the road. The hottest places I have ever been in the United States are St. Louis, and Fort Yuma, on the Gila river, near Lower California. In St. Louis the humidity makes life almost unendurable during the hot weather. In Fort Yuma the thermometer rises to 115 or 120, but even though it is situated at a low altitude the heat is bearable. Near water the heat is less in its intensity, but the moisture in the air makes one feel like breathing steam. Under the equator the thermometer may show a greater height of temperature, but usually the heat is not as intolerable as in localities where twenty degrees less are registered. I have had the privilege of roasting under almost every conceivable registration of the thermometer, but I think it is possible to feel quite as hot in Toronto as anywhere in the world. The three hottest

passages will show that some of Uncle Sam's people at least are coming to a more sane and reasonable frame of mind:

"We are in a position to take our stand in any case that may arise if we remember these principles: (1) No sentiment of friendship obliges us to engage in any war; (2) there exists no more friendship, or no different kind of friendship between us and the states of South and Central America than exists between us and the powers of Europe; (3) there is no rule of international law compelling us to any hostile action against any power whatever; (4) we have made no rule for ourselves which obliges us under any state of affairs to defend a South or Central American nation against an attack from Europe; (5) we are not called upon, under all conceivable circumstances, to protect the independence of any foreign power; (6) the only question for us to consider, when an occasion arises, is: 'Are we in danger from this threatened appearance of a European power on this side of the water?'"

This is certainly a remarkable passage, all things considered. After mastering the bearing of such contentions on what has hitherto been regarded as the bed-rock doctrine of the United States' foreign policy, we are not unprepared for Mr. Nelson's application of his dicta to the present situation. Here it is:

"If the people of the South American State do, however, decide to give themselves to Germany, do we want to go to war to prevent the carrying out of a contract to which both parties willingly agree? Perhaps we may and perhaps we may not deem it necessary to do so; but there is hardly a thousandth part of one chance in a hundred chances that we shall feel any such desire. What folly, then, is it to assert in advance the general principle that we propose to keep Europe out of South America, in any event, either when she comes with or without the consent of South America, or whether her coming be for or against our interests! What folly, too, to take the position that the grant of a coaling-station to Germany, or any other European power, will always be considered hostile to our interests! It may be, or it may not be. Our only rule should be to determine each case on its merits, and when we conclude that our interests are affected, before we go to war we must be ready to assert that the interests threatened are present and immediate, not remote; war ought not to be waged by Americans of this century against Germany of this century because some American politicians, eager for personal power, assert that such a war is necessary to prevent a Germanized Brazil in the twenty-first century, or in the last of the twentieth century; perhaps our children—or our grandchildren at least—will be glad, when the time comes, to have Brazil Germanized."

It is refreshing to have even one Yankee talking common sense in a case where the Monroe doctrine is concerned. The sign is a hopeful one, for in the past we have had only sound and fury.

**S**PEAKING in this connection, the following is doubtless the kind of thing that will take the edge off Uncle Sam's appetite for any further "mix-ups" with semi-barbarous peoples in tropical climes. I clip the passage from a press correspondent's letter written from Manila. True or untrue, it is doubtless typical of much that is experienced in all wars where white men are sent out to sacrifice health or life in planting "the flag" on new territory that may or may not be worth the price paid in blood and treasure.

"Last night I was talking with an officer in the Medical Department. He seemed strangely changed from what he was at Tampa. Finally, he told me he had melancholia with suicidal intent. I said: 'Of course you conquer the feeling?' He said: 'Sometimes I do; sometimes I don't.' 'You must conquer it, as you are alive!' I laughingly replied. He glared at me an instant and then said, calmly, 'Yes, my bullet missed its mark about a month ago.' I did not know by this time whether I was talking to a crazy man or a poseur. Remembering that it is considered better to humor the insane, I smiled again. He mistook the smile and said: 'You don't believe me! Look at this!' With the word he tore open his coat and shirt and showed me a bullet hole near the heart, with angry, inflamed edges, filled with cotton and held together with small strips of surgeon's plaster. I shuddered and believed him. He showed me the wound and concealed it in a moment, without others noticing it, and then went on to tell me it was the second attempt he had made. This bullet had glanced off from a rib. He said that at first 'loco' came through homesickness, but now he did not care for anything. He had just as soon die as go home. He is only one of hundreds that feel this way."

"The men are in the same condition. Unless the sea voyage recuperates them, in the returning regiments America will not recognize the strong, sturdy fellows she sent out here. As regimental soldiers they are wrecks. They are listless and without ambitions. They come to Manila to wait for the outgoing transport, and are as quiet as if they were deaf and dumb. They sit along the Luneta and sides of the Malecon drive in groups and in rows by the hundreds, silently thinking—perhaps intently, or perhaps drifting, passing thoughts—but never engaged in animated conversation. They listen to the music at the concert hour, and stand at 'attention' like statues, at 'The Star Spangled Banner,' but the expression of their faces never seems to change. Neither hopelessness nor hopefulness is there—just passive indifference."

**W**E have all encountered persons who were good promisers, who preserved an atmosphere of mystery in speaking about the great things they were going to accomplish in the future, who were continually saying "Never mind, wait and see what I'll do to-morrow or next day," and who in the long run never did anything and disappointed all their friends. The humbler walks of life are full of such people—persons who live on the reputation of what they are expected to, but may not, perform; and it strikes me that Lord Rosebery, who has issued another manifesto and another explanation of his meaning therein, has arrived at that stage where he must, to use a phrase borrowed from the farm, either "lay or get off the nest" for good. Everyone is getting a little tired of hearing of the great things Lord Rosebery could, would, might or was about to accomplish. I do not know that he has consciously posed as the prize mystery man of the British Empire, but if not his friends have been indiscreet, for they have certainly been telling us for years to keep our optics on Lord Rosebery, and yet his Lordship continues to do nothing but issue manifestoes that cannot be understood until they are explained. The mystery business can be pushed too far in politics, and if Lord Rosebery is the genius his friends claim he is, it is high time for him to commence to "make good."

Two explanations are offered of this statesman's apparent impotence after a youth of rare promise and a manhood filled with great opportunities. An English paper tells of two well-informed men who were engaged in discussing Lord Rosebery. They agreed that something was the matter with Lord Rosebery. They did not agree as to what it was. Said the first, "The fairies who presided at his birth gave Lord Rosebery every good gift but one—they denied him courage. And without courage the others,



MUSSULMAN SCHOOL MASTER AND CHILDREN.

Illustrating "Don's" Travel Talks on page 7, a series of views of Egypt, Palestine and Italy, will continue to be published for several weeks to come.

cognize its existence and provide some means for people to take chances where they would really get a chance and not be driven into those crooked games where there seems a chance on the surface but nothing but certainty for the one who runs the game. I may have been wrong, and withdraw all the arguments used on that occasion. I still entertain the same opinion: By no law which the Legislature or the House of Commons can formulate, can we pound the gambling element out of human nature. Further than this, after the vicious comments of the religious press and some country newspapers, I will not venture. Gambling, like hunger, and thirst, and lust, and everything else which was implanted by the Creator, must be taken into account. When the great Brooklyn bridge, the greatest engineering feat of its time, was built, it was found that it swayed violently during unusual winds or when being crossed by crowds. Every possible device was used to stop this swaying, but an engineer, who perhaps was considered an ass for his suggestion, spoke of controlling wires which would overcome the swaying. These were tried and were found to be a success. The swaying of society cannot be stopped: the community will swing out of the lines into which the good people are trying to engineer it, and the controlling wires, the little stays and supports which morality, not law, provides, are the only things to be relied upon.

**T**HE weather is a fruitful topic of conversation, and the excessive heat seems to absorb the attention of people who under usual topics would be willing to listen to worthier topics. The weather is a very much abused thing, and probably any of us, or committee selected from the cleverest and most complaisant people in the community, would fail to give satisfaction if in control of it. A part of the diversity of life is furnished by the freaks of the weather in all except those semi-tropical climates where every day produces the weather which might be expected to present itself a month prior to its advent. The monotony of such a proceeding can be easily appreciated by those who desire that every day shall have some new phase. Where the weather is invariably fine, or during the rainy season the day is invariably wet, people drop this general topic and converse about stocks, crops, or something with regard to which there is no certainty. The deadly monotony of a country where the weather has no eccentricities makes life a bore, and a common subject for salutation and conversation is noticeably absent.

If we discussed the weather as reasonable people, we would do it with some information as to the cause of heat and its general effect. Instead of that, we declare the day to be too hot, or too cold, or too wet, or something of

places that I have in my mind are Pernambuco and Bahia in Brazil, and Guayaquil in Ecuador. Yet in all these places the inhabitants are so accustomed to an equatorial temperature that they do not really mind it. The sudden changes of the temperature such as we have here in Toronto, together with the humidity which is a prevalent condition, make both the heat and cold when intense an almost intolerable condition. The lassitude resulting from unusual circumstances seems to drive the people to unusual methods of relief, and that alone accounts for many of the hot air disasters of the North. Still, we ought to be satisfied that we have so many changes, bringing sudden death as many of them do, to the old, the infirm, and the inexperienced. Nothing is so deadly to the peace, energy and aggressiveness of a nation as a deadly level of temperature, of fortune or of incident. While we shelter we can thank fortune that everything is in our favor which produces virility and demands forethought.

**A**LTHOUGH it is announced that at the forthcoming Pan-American Congress the United States will "insist" on the recognition of the Monroe doctrine, it is hard to see how any amount of insistence from that quarter will be effective in bolstering up the doctrine if suspicion continues to strike its roots deeper in South America with regard to the motives and aims of the big Republic. Even in the United States signs are not wanting that the Monroe doctrine is commencing to lose its hitherto almost divine character. "Harper's Weekly" has been one of the most uncompromising exponents of expansion and spread-eagelism. Yet in the last number of that publication, Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson has a full page devoted to a merciless riddling of the Monroe doctrine as it has been generally understood in the States. If, on the one hand, the South and Central Americans are suspicious of Uncle Sam's effusive interest in their welfare, there is also a growing public opinion in the United States which foresees the danger of espousing revolutionary republics under any and all circumstances. These people think, with the writer of the article in the "Weekly," that the problems confronting the Republic are quite heavy enough, and that what is needed in order to solve these is freedom from further distraction. The Administration would rather avoid than seek a difficulty, and the writer in the "Weekly," which has always been in touch with President McKinley's intentions, argues that even if Venezuela is about to surrender an island to Germany, or Brazil is shaping to place herself under the Emperor William's protection, the people of the United States need not feel called on to concern themselves.

Mr. Nelson's new definition of the Monroe doctrine is interesting because it is so unlike the doctrine as we have always heard it expounded from Washington. The follow-

are but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Said the other, "Not so. Lord Rosebery has courage, but he has not the love of battle. Your good fairies were too kind to him. He was born with a golden spoon. He has had no experience of the rough-and-tumble of life. He has never had to fight his way. He expects even his rose-leaves to be curled." The latter of the two disputants took a different view. The child is father of the man. Forty years ago there was a boy at Eton whose extraordinary promise struck all who knew him. Among those who knew him best was his tutor, the late William Johnson, himself a remarkable man and a shrewd judge of character. "Dalmeny," he wrote, "has the finest combination of qualities I have ever seen." "He will be an orator and, if not a poet, such a man as poets delight in." "He must be the wisest boy that ever lived." But one thing was lacking. "He is one of those who like the palm without the dust." Is Lord Rosebery in 1901 the same as was Lord Dalmeny in 1862?

It is not surprising that in a land where "nigger-hunting" has become so popular a diversion, bull-fighting should take a place as a star amusement. The bull-baiting in South Omaha, Nebraska, has called out a good deal of denunciation from pulpit and press, but the pastime continues to draw crowds, and has indeed become exceedingly popular and profitable, from the circumstance that on a recent night one of the bulls unexpectedly caught a performer on his horns and sent him forty feet through the air, and ultimately to the hospital with two broken ribs, a lacerated chest, and a badly ruffled temper. It was understood in advance that there was to be no blood-letting at these gentle and refined entertainments. The bulls were merely to caper about in a picturesque manner and the men were to show only with what grace and facility they could exterminate their adversaries. But the bull that was "doing his turn" on a particular evening either did not know the rule or else broke faith. The result was to convert a tame and tedious show into a highly exhilarating spectacle, crowd the arena at the next performance with seven thousand persons, and produce great joy in the box-office. Now the manager says that Chicago, Buffalo and Coney Island are clamoring for his favor, while the purveyors of amusement at many other places are opening negotiations.

It is a question whether public taste, not only in the United States, but throughout the civilized world, has been educated up or down in recent years. A good many penetrating critics might be quoted to show that in literature, theatricals, and other forms of popular diversion, civilization during the past decade has followed a sliding scale—only that the sliding has been in the direction of lower, not higher, things. The prevalence of wars, which, though not in themselves great contests, have been numerous and costly, has accustomed people, doubtless, to hear of blood-letting with more complacency than formerly. Murder trials, and criminal records generally, as reported in the daily press, cannot but have a brutalizing influence on those who like to gloat over their morbid details. There is a great deal of evidence going to show that our veneer of civilization is as thin as in any past era; and if highly-cultured and wealthy Rome could see men devoured by wild beasts to make a spectacle, it is not surprising that a great many persons in this year of grace can get enjoyment out of a "slugging match," a football battle, or even a bull-fight or a lynching.

In connection with the numerous strikes now agitating the industrial world, the contention is often put forward that the remedy for such ills will be found in courts of arbitration. In some quarters the gentle-sounding phrase, "courts of conciliation," is used, but generally we get the idea in its harsher form as "compulsory arbitration." No one can conciliate two parties who have quarreled and are determined to have it out with each other, and if the mediatorial plan of settling industrial disputes be found to have any practical value, it will be in the form of compulsory arbitration. The Department of Labor at Ottawa provides all the necessary machinery for conciliation, and is doubtless as full a crystallization of public opinion on this subject as the country is yet ripe for. But it can only conciliate, and cannot give effect to a decision. To really settle disputes, power is required to enforce judgments, as the decisions of courts of law are enforced.

How any court standing between employer and employee is to make its awards binding is the crucial point. "Compulsory arbitration" is a contradiction in terms. Arbitration implies a willingness on both sides to be bound by the award of the referees. "Courts of conciliation" is another contradiction in terms, for the function of courts is not to conciliate but to decide. How is an arbitration, it is asked, to be made compulsory, or how is a court to enforce its judgment, unless it has the power to impose a penalty, and in the case of a strike what penalty could be provided? Could hundreds or perhaps thousands of workmen be imprisoned or fined for refusing to go back to work; or if the tribunal should bind the parties litigant in money bonds to obey its orders, would it not generally happen that the employers, being financially responsible, could be held liable, while a body of workmen, being irresponsible financially, could not be so held? If a body of workmen banded in a trades union were to be held in bonds as the employers were, every individual workman who might be dissatisfied with the decision could still lay down his tools, despite the court's order, and refuse to be bound by its decision. If the workman, being moneyless, were to be jailed for his money default, it would be imprisonment for debt—free labor would become slave labor, and free workmen would become slaves.

Such are some of the arguments used by those who think the compulsory arbitration of industrial wars a chimera. That they have a good deal of force must be admitted. And yet the important point is altogether overlooked that in any serious or prolonged strike, either side, to be successful, requires in the long run to be backed by public sympathy. Compulsory arbitration need not be held to imply that decisions would be executed with compulsion. The meaning is rather that each party to a dispute should be made to appear before a properly constituted tribunal and state its case fully and produce its evidence. The court having then reached a decision, public opinion would do the rest. Strikers could not afford to stand out against the judgment of an independent third party, nor would even millionaire employers of labor wish to incur the odium of having refused to abide by an award. The conscience of a properly informed public, seized of all the facts as brought out under investigation, would be in most cases a sufficient lever to enforce the decision of the court.

#### Social and Personal.

The opening of the "Royal Muskoka," the splendid hotel on Lake Rosseau, will take place on Friday, August 2nd. A special excursion will be run from Toronto, in which many friends from Hamilton and elsewhere will be included, and a gala time may be expected. The Royal Muskoka fills a want all of us have felt, and while it is not proposed to run it as a cheap country hotel, guests will feel they are getting all their money's worth in the comfort and luxury they will enjoy. This will revolutionize Muskoka, a veritable paradise which has long labored under the disadvantage, so far as wealthy patronage is concerned, of not owning a really swell hotel. The company is composed of solid men, well known capitalists and progressive investors. The chef of the hotel gets \$250 a month, and he can earn it. Everything is done on a liberal and up-to-date scale. Many responses have come to the invitations to go up on the 2nd and enjoy the hospitalities of the company. Many prominent society people will grace the opening. The annual regatta will take place on Monday, August 5th, just near the hotel on the beauteous waters of Lake Rosseau. Muskoka regattas are the essence of fun and



John Bull—if she accepts the ring, the first thing I know she'll be accepting him.  
[The St. Paul "Pioneer Press" flatters itself that this is the condition of affairs as between Canada and the United States. Not on your life, Sammy!]

sport, and this will be for many reasons the best ever held in the playground of Canada.

A distinguished and esteemed gentleman has gone to his rest, and to-day his mortal remains will be entombed in the midst of regret from thousands who loved and admired him. When the news of Hon. Senator Allan's severe illness some time ago came to his friends, they were gravely anxious, and through the winter of the past year many enquiries were continually made for him at Moss Park. In due time he recovered so far as to go to Ottawa during the session, and on his return to Toronto to be passably well. But the fine constitution was impaired to such an extent that the extreme weather of a few days since overtaxed it, and quietly and serenely, as he had lived, he died in his homestead of Moss Park, with his wife and daughter and physician, Mr. Cameron, at his bedside. In his long life Senator Allan had experiences many and broadening. He travelled, studied, enjoyed and helped along everything good and noble. His gift in 1857 to Toronto of the Horticultural Gardens was a princely one. Millions have enjoyed it. A soldier, an art critic, a scholar, a philanthropist, a political honor bearer, a patron of universities and a staunch churchman, a prizewinner, an exquisitely courteous and finished gentleman was this gifted and cultured man.

A party of women were taking luncheon together one day when the talk turned upon manners. "We have so few of the old school left to form the younger people upon," said one of the women. "Now, for instance, whom do you consider to have the most unexceptionable manners in Toronto?" Four of the seven women said as one, "Mr. Allan of Moss Park." The other two nodded. They had thought of another couple of beautifully mannered elderly men, but agreed that Senator Allan was "facile princeps." I remember in one of my expansive moments telling Mr. Allan of this verdict, and watching his quiet smile of depreciation at being put above his fellows. This charm of gentle dignity was one which never left him, and never failed to impress those who were fortunate enough to have the privilege of his friendship.

Mrs. J. W. Coe and Master Ardagh have left for Cobourg, to be the guests of Mrs. Staples, "Fairview."

The following are the latest arrivals at Grimsby Park, the Canadian summer home: Mrs. S. B. Gundy, Mr. W. F. Gundy, Mr. G. E. Bradshaw, Mr. St. Leger, Mrs. H. B. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Boswell, Mr. James Haver, Mr. and Mrs. George Walker, Mr. W. A. Douglass, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cob, Mr. James J. Spiers, Mr. and Mrs. Chater, Mrs. W. Andrews, Mr. Rechab Tandy, Mr. P. H. McGuire, Mrs. J. Greenfield, Mr. James Forster, Mr. James E. McEachern, Mr. W. H. Mara, Mr. C. H. Jewell, Mrs. T. McLellan, Mrs. and Miss Whitehouse, of Toronto; Messrs. J. H. Cooke, Jack Cooke and A. Mitchell of St. Louis; Miss J. M. Bordeau, Miss Jessie B. Cole, Mr. F. E. Stearns, Mr. A. Fenton of Buffalo; Miss Gussie Heartwell and Miss B. Cleveland of Madison, Ohio; Miss J. M. O'Connor of Baltimore; Mrs. H. A. Lake of Providence, R.I.; Mrs. G. W. Brown of Collingwood; Mr. H. J. Sline, Miss M. Bradley, Miss C. Calley, Miss Mae Reynolds, of Niagara Falls; Mr. F. F. Radway, Mr. E. Westland, of London, Ont.; Mr. H. B. Sinclair of Rochester, N.Y.; Mrs. A. M. Baldwin of Montgomery, Ala.; Miss L. Ewin, Nashville, Tenn.; Mr. J. W. Williams of Galt; Mr. E. Platt and Mr. R. Hunter of Plattsburgh; Messrs. C. E. Burkholder, C. C. McDonald, F. W. Moon, C. S. Cochran, W. H. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. W. Balfour, Mr. G. McGregor, of Hamilton; Miss Ella Janney and Miss Mabel B. Wilkins of Galt.

On Wednesday evening the marriage of Mr. Edward Wheler of 241 Crawford street and Miss Beatrice Lilian Tresidder took place at the home of the bride's mother, at half-past eight o'clock, Rev. Dr. Starr of Bathurst street Methodist church officiating. Miss Tresidder wore a wedding gown of white silk veiled with white organdie, with tucks and lace "entre-deux" as trimming, and girdle and collar of silk. She carried white roses and lily of the valley. Miss Marie Wheeler, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid, in pink silk and chiffon, and carried pink roses. Miss Buda Wheeler was the small maid of honor, in white organdie with white roses. Mr. P. Breen was groomsman. After the ceremony a reception was held and a dainty dejeuner served, at which the bride's table was done in white ribbons and roses, and the guest-tables in pink. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler went to Windermere, Muskoka, for the honeymoon, the bride going away in a navy blue tailor gown and hat and a blouse of vieux rose taffeta. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler will live for the present at 241 Crawford street. Many beautiful presents were made, among others a silver tea service and salver from the business associates of the groom, a china dinner set from the groom's parents, a silver-handled carving-set from the groomsman, beside gifts from Bermuda, Toledo, Denver, London, Vancouver, Hamilton, and Montreal.

Miss Norah Sullivan is spending this month at Loughborough. Mr. and Mrs. John Carruthers and the Misses Carruthers returned from Scotland a couple of weeks ago, and are now sojourning at Hotel del Monte, Preston. They will remain there until their house is ready.

Great improvements are being made by Dr. Herbert Bruce in a residence on Bloor street east which he intends to occupy as home and surgery later on.

Mr. Beril Stewart spent the week's end with friends at Burlington, and was home to business on Monday.

Writing of the Glasgow Exhibition, a Toronto fair lady says: "We were in Glasgow and were fortunate enough to be there on the opening day of the exhibition, and had a grand view of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, as we were very near them. I quite fell in love with Her Royal Highness; she is so sweet and gracious. The exhibition has paid already. The Glasgow people seem to understand thoroughly how to manage an affair of that kind."

Mayor Howland is in Detroit this week, and goes east to St. Andrew's, N.B., later, to attend a family reunion. A lovely spot for an affair of the kind.

Alderman Daniel Lamb, wife and family of Winchester

street are summering at Carthew Bay, Lake Simcoe. Miss Amy Evans of Liverpool, Eng., and Mr. Ab. Macabe of Toronto are guests of Alderman and Mrs. Lamb.

Shandon House, that commodious mansion on the north side of Anne street, near Yonge, is to lose its mistress, who has resided in Toronto for nearly two score years. Mrs. Anderson is to make her home in the South after this summer with her daughter, Mrs. H. Guest Collins, who some years ago married the well-known musician, Mr. H. Guest Collins, and after residing in Toronto for a time went south with her husband and family.

On July 19, Mr. Austin Boddy left for Africa, having realized a carefully cherished ambition by receiving an appointment on the Royal African Constabulary. Mr. Boddy carries an earnest enthusiasm in his chosen career and the good wishes of many warm friends in Toronto.

Mrs. and Miss Evans of Spadina avenue, who have been for a year in London, returned to Canada this week, and are welcomed home with great pleasure. Both ladies look exceedingly well and have much enjoyed their visit to the Old Land.

Congratulations and many enquiries have found their way to Beverley street for the young mamma and her sturdy little son, since the news of Mrs. Charles Kingsmill's new honor has been made known. Both are doing remarkably well, and the third generation back is of course very proud of the grandson.

A little bird has whispered me a hint of two weddings to take place about the time of the Royal visit, and which will be more or less of a surprise, I fancy, to most people.

No little jaunt is more enjoyable these afternoons than the little trolley or bicycle journey to the Humber, with the famous fish dinner as a climax. "Fish dinner" is announced in new paint that all who wheel may read, and the delicious little whitefish fresh from the net and the frying-pan, are simply great, while the after-dinner cosy chat on the lake shore is also very enjoyable, and may be varied by a peaceful paddle up the calm Humber river, a delightful spot near town.

The Aquatic dance last week was a broiler, the temperature being something calculated to dampen the ardor (and the collars) of anything but an Island crowd. Those did not seem to mind it very much, dancing persistently through the usual bright programme. I caught a brief glimpse of Mr. Herbert Fortier, who was paddling instead of dancing, and looking none the worse for his recent disagreeable illness, to which I suspect there were ameliorations. The pretty girls and jolly boys of the summer season were out in full force, and Island costume was "de rigueur." The music and floor were of the best, and though the mercury was above 90, lovers of dancing didn't seem to mind it.

Next Saturday, August 3, is going to be something very fine at the Pan-American. I have not heard any details, but I believe the concessionaires are up to some particular doings. Quite a number of Toronto people are to go over.

Murphy of the Genesee, our manager-elect for the new hotel in King street, is one of the Buffalo hosts. Toronto people are proving of the best, and rather congratulating themselves that he is soon to remove to this city.

Mrs. Ewing of Montreal did not return home, but has been spending the last fortnight or so at Niagara-on-the-Lake, where Miss Jette Vickers joined her this week. Miss Vickers will see her own portrait at the Pan when she enters the Canadian exhibit. I see by the New York papers that some of our Canadian artists get considerable praise, and all of them good advice, which, I fear, they will not accept and act upon. The tone of the advice is a bit patronizing.

Miss Justina Harrison is expected home to-day. Mrs. Arthur Ross has gone to Muskoka after a most pleasant visit with Mrs. Harrison.

Miss Helen Kirkpatrick is visiting friends in the country, as is also Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick.

Miss Melvin-Jones gave a dinner in honor of Mrs. Julie Wyman at the Hunt Club on Thursday evening. I am told that in addition to her other gifts Miss Melvin-Jones is the possessor of a very sweet, high and clear soprano voice, which she is now cultivating. This clever girl will, no doubt, give great pleasure to her friends in the same charming line as has Miss Brouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Pipon, Mr. and Mrs. Warwick, and Miss Warwick, of Sunnichholm, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Galbraith, are some Toronto guests at the Hotel Brant, Burlington. Last Saturday I caught a short vision of Mrs. Macklean and Miss Dunlop at the band concert and dance at Hotel Brant.

Mr. and Mrs. James Macrae and their daughter, of Ottawa, are among the guests at Mrs. Fyle's, Berwick House, Center Island.

Miss Muriel Smellie is visiting relatives at Fort William for the months of August and September, and Miss Breda Smellie is spending a few days with Mrs. George McMurrich, De Grassi Point.

The marriage of Mr. Gordon A. Brown, son of the late P. J. Brown, and Miss Ethel Cumines, daughter of the late Thomas Cumines, Welland, has been arranged for Wednesday, August 7th, at St. Stephen's church, Toronto.

Miss Clark, superintendent Grace Hospital, is spending her holidays in Belleville.

Miss Eggleston, Grace Hospital, has returned from her holidays.

#### Surgical Tailoring.

A CORRESPONDENT of "Forest and Stream" is moved to mention a certain little incident in surgical tailoring which he saw during a recent trip through Montana.

"My very good friend, Jack Monroe, joined us one evening at our bear camp on the Two Medicine lake. Jack was wearing a pair of Mackinaw trousers, which had seen better days, especially in the neighborhood of the knees. He had been hunting coyotes and creeping and crawling along after autolope, wolves, and one thing and another, until he had worn the knees of these trousers pretty much to pieces. This, however, did not disconcert him. 'I will show you something,' said he. And borrowing a needle and thread he did show us something. He took his hunting knife and calmly cut the legs off the trousers about midway on the thigh. Then he reversed the legs on the stumps and sewed them fast on again, with the result that the worn-out knees were now behind him instead of in front of him. Viewed from the front, his Mackinaws were now just as good as new. As to the rear view, it is enough to say that it was not quite the same. It was little difficult for us for some time to tell at distance whether Jack was a-comin' or a-going, but he declared the arrangement entirely satisfactory to himself. 'This,' said he, 'is what in the West we call upsetting a pair of pants!' I have never heard the term used in that connection, but recommend both the term and its implied operation to the fashionable tailors of the larger cities, where I am satisfied it is not yet in general use. He who makes two pairs of pants grow where before there had been but one, is properly to be called a benefactor of humanity."

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Beautiful and Original Gowns for every occasion.

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Afternoon Gowns  
Dinner Gowns  
Bridal Gowns and  
Bridesmaids' Dresses

MILLINERY—Latest novelties in Millinery.  
GLOVES—Perfect fitting Gloves in new and exclusive shades. Chamois Wash Leather Gloves. Silk and Linen Gloves.

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The BELL PIANO CO., 146 Yonge St., Toronto

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Ask for Canadian Cut Glass and you will get ours, because we are the only cutters in Canada.

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## Extra Special Values all next week



## Ladies' Tailoring and Dressmaking

We possess unexcelled facilities in these departments, making a specialty of orders through correspondence for ladies who cannot consult us personally.

Tailor-Made Gowns,  
Coats, Ulsters,  
Walking and Sporting Suits, Riding Habits.

### Wedding Trousseaux

Street and Reception Dresses.  
Dress Skirts and Waists.  
Dinner and Ball Gowns.  
Opera Cloaks and Evening Wraps.

All made to order satisfactorily without a personal fitting.

Samples of goods, illustrations and estimates furnished on application.

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TORONTO

**Brandies, Whiskies,  
Clarets and Burgundies**

**GEO. W. COOLEY**  
567 Yonge Street,  
Toronto

**Berries in Shredded Wheat  
Biscuit Baskets**

1 quart blackberries, 3 cup sugar, 1 cup ice water, or chopped ice & shred the berries, add a few drops of cream, powdered sugar. Wash and pick over the berries, crush 1/2 of them, add the sugar and ice water, set in cool place with a sharp pointed knife, balanced on a nail in the top of the biscuit about 1 inch from sides and end; carefully remove the top and all inside shreds, making a basket. Fill with the crushed berries, lay the top up, cover the basket. Put the whole berries on top, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve with cream. Raspberries, strawberries, banana may be prepared in the same way. Berries may be used without crushing. Pineapple, peaches or cantaloupe may also be used, paring and cutting fine with silver knife, using same proportions of sugar and water.

A handomely illustrated Cook Book containing 300 practical recipes MAILED FREE to you for the asking.

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61 FRONT STREET EAST, TORONTO

## SARATOGA MINERAL WATERS

can be enjoyed in Toronto if you are unable to visit the Springs.

Hathorn, Vichy, Congress, in pint bottles, and the famous Excelsior Spring Water on draught at the fountain.

Our stock also includes:

**BUFFALO LITHIA WATER  
POLAND WATER  
ALLOUEZ WATER  
CELESTINE VICHY**

Write for quotations.

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Afternoon Tea  
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30 KING STREET WEST.



### Social and Personal.

**T**HE Yacht Club dinner and dance on Monday evening was quite the smartest, so far as general appearance went, of any that I have seen in that cool and charming place. Visiting women in town caught the aquatic enthusiasm which stirred the city during the day, on account of the grand victory of the Argonaut oarsmen, and though it was muscle and not wind which won, and there is besides a subtle rivalry in many points between the two popular and leading aquatic institutions which abide side by side on the water-front, it was only "glory-glory" for everyone on Monday evening. Captain Barker, who had staked his judgment on the remark, "We've got the speed," was surrounded by the congratulations of his friends, and one or two of the eight who modestly showed up were simply in danger of finding "no dry place for the soles of their feet." As for the guests, they were there in hundreds, the balconies being so crowded that many persons took to the turf and promenaded about the grounds, or sat on the terrace on the east side. By the way, a rather regrettable little accident was the conflagration of a smart summer hat, which was set afire by a match carelessly tossed from the upper balcony by an after-dinner smoker. Among the many pleasant dinners was one of ten covers given by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright in honor of Miss Maud Burnham of Port Hope. Mr. and Mrs. Hees, Mrs. Haas, the Messers. Hes, Mrs. and Miss Hogashoom, Mrs. and Miss May Reid, Miss Milligan of Bromley House, Mr. and Mrs. Tolmie Craig, Colonel and Mrs. Buchan, Miss Buchan, Major Burnham, Captain Kay of St. John, N.B., Mr. and Mrs. J. Stanton King, Mrs. Wilbur, Miss Hoffmann of Elmira, Mrs. Fuller, the Misses Fuller, Mr. Cowan of Montreal, Mr. George Sears, Miss Perkins, Captain MacDonell, Mr. Alley, Mr. Mrs. and the Misses Pearson, Miss Dot Stout, Miss Evelyn Lukes, Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Duggan, Miss Hilda Davis, Mr. Harman, Mr. C. A. Delise, Mrs. Rough of Winnipeg, were a few of the guests augmenting that bonnie crowd of young Islanders and city folks who always turn up at these Monday dances. The merry "Americans" were out in great force, several of their frocks being extra smart and adding greatly to the general effect. A very pretty little Texas girl from the Arlington was much admired. Mrs. Kearns was quite too fetching in a charming frock and gray maline hat crowned with many blue flowers. Miss Hoffmann wore a vivid green gown, with guipure, and sleeves of white lace, and a charming hat. Mrs. Wilbur wore mouseline and lace, and Mrs. King a very pretty summer gown and large hat. Mr. Alley brought a charmingly pretty girl in a black mouseline and hat to correspond. Mrs. Alfred Wright looked very pretty in white, with lace insertions. Many of the smartest young matrons are away for the summer, but their places have been filled by that transient vision of beauty and merriment which dawns upon us from the South about this time every summer.

Mrs. Humphrey has returned from the Adirondacks, and is at her home in Pembroke street. I hear that the exodus of servants to Buffalo has affected the Eastern summer resorts, and that cottagers find it next to impossible to get any help.

As the college students make such splendid waiters and guards, why don't the lady students go in for a holiday experience as hotel and private housemaids? If it's not derogatory to manly dignity, why should women avoid this quite "American" holiday usage?

The Isle of Champagne boys entertained the coxswain of the Argonauts, Mr. Norman Bastedo, at dinner on Monday evening with great eclat.

Mr. Herbert Loudon gave a small dinner at the Yacht Club on Monday, in honor of Miss Acheson of Goderich.

The Island Amateur Aquatic Association have their badges now ready for members. Each year this association designs a new pin for its members, and this year's is quite pretty, in sterling silver, enamelled in red and blue.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldman and their family are, as usual, Islanders. Miss Clarke of the Boston City Hospital is spending the summer with her people at "Takitalsy," West Point.

Mr. Dickson Patterson, having completed some urgent work, has gone to rejoin Mrs. Patterson in England, where she has been visiting her people, and lately stopping with her beautiful sister, Mrs. Morgan, who was in Toronto a year ago. Mrs. Morgan is now a proud mother, and at last accounts Miss Morgan, lately arrived, was doing very well.

Consul J. Enoch Thompson has gone again to Spain, and left the latter part of last week. I believe railway interests in the country of the Dons are becoming important just now. Mrs. Thompson has been with relatives in England for some time, enjoying a visit to her girlhood home.

Mrs. Ewing of Montreal and little Miss Katie have returned home, after a visit of some weeks to Mrs. Vickers, Adelaide street west.

The following guests are registered at the Welland, St. Catharines: Col. W. Ingersoll Merritt of London, Ont., Mr. and Mrs. Ennis Cargill of Houston, Texas, Mrs. Hespeler of Waterloo, Miss.

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Bain of Winnipeg, Mrs. Hunter Robb of Cleveland, Miss H. E. Davis of St. Louis, Mo., Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McKee of Rome, N.Y., Mr. J. Meade, Mrs. L. C. Walworth of New York, Dr. and Miss Freeman of England, Miss A. R. Thurlow, Mrs. E. J. Scott of Washington, Miss Griswold of New Orleans, Mrs. E. B. Talbot, Miss Bristol, Mr. J. J. Mason, Mr. R. E. Gallagher of Hamilton, Mayor Howland, Mr. J. Hopkins, Mrs. James Mortimer, Miss J. Mortimer, Mrs. L. A. Morrison, Mr. R. E. A. Land, Mr. and Mrs. A. White, Dr. L. M. Sweetnam, Lady Howland and Miss Bethune of Toronto.

Rev. H. Grasset Baldwin and Mrs. Baldwin returned to Canada on the s.s. Tunisian a few days since, after a long residence abroad.

"Saturday Night" is indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Farmer Brothers, photographers, for the loan of the photos published last week illustrating an article on "The Foresters' Island," Deseronto.

In the last "Canadian Gazette" the following Toronto tourists are reported to have registered at the Canadian Government Office, London: Mrs. David Macpherson, 6 Egerton Mansions S.W.; Mr. F. W. G. Fitzgerald, Hotel Cecil; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Leigh, Temple Hotel; Mrs. R. G. Wilkie, First Avenue Hotel; Mrs. Dignam, Mrs. Spence, Miss Perry Irving and Miss Isabel Watt, 1 Granville place W.; Mr. H. C. and the Misses Bissom, Ford's Hotel; Mr. and Mrs. Hees, Mrs. Haas, the Messers. Hes, Mrs. and Miss Hogashoom, Mrs. and Miss May Reid, Miss Milligan of Bromley House, Mr. and Mrs. Tolmie Craig, Colonel and Mrs. Buchan, Miss Buchan, Major Burnham, Captain Kay of St. John, N.B., Mr. and Mrs. J. Stanton King, Mrs. Wilbur, Miss Hoffmann of Elmira, Mrs. Fuller, the Misses Fuller, Mr. Cowan of Montreal, Mr. George Sears, Miss Perkins, Captain MacDonell, Mr. Alley, Mr. Mrs. and the Misses Pearson, Miss Dot Stout, Miss Evelyn Lukes, Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Duggan, Miss Hilda Davis, Mr. Harman, Mr. C. A. Delise, Mrs. Rough of Winnipeg, were a few of the guests augmenting that bonnie crowd of young Islanders and city folks who always turn up at these Monday dances. The merry "Americans" were out in great force, several of their frocks being extra smart and adding greatly to the general effect. A very pretty little Texas girl from the Arlington was much admired. Mrs. Kearns was quite too fetching in a charming frock and gray maline hat crowned with many blue flowers. Miss Hoffmann wore a vivid green gown, with guipure, and sleeves of white lace, and a charming hat. Mrs. Wilbur wore mouseline and lace, and Mrs. King a very pretty summer gown and large hat. Mr. Alley brought a charmingly pretty girl in a black mouseline and hat to correspond. Mrs. Alfred Wright looked very pretty in white, with lace insertions. Many of the smartest young matrons are away for the summer, but their places have been filled by that transient vision of beauty and merriment which dawns upon us from the South about this time every summer.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. John Steele, Dunnville, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Wednesday morning, July 17, when their eldest daughter, Miss C. Evelyn Steele, was married to Mr. R. Bruce Leadbetter of Toronto. The service was read by the rector of St. Paul's Church, Rev. T. Motherwell, B.A., at 7.30 o'clock, and after the ceremony a happy couple took the 8.40 train for Toronto, en route for Muskoka, where they will spend a three weeks honeymoon. The bride's going-away gown was of navy blue cheviot cloth, with an Eton coat opening over a white silk blouse, and a hat to match, trimmed with duchesse lace. Miss Lou Steele, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and wore a gown of heliotrope and white organdy, trimmed with black velvet bebe ribbon. Mr. Thomas G. Scott was groomsman. Although the wedding was a quiet one, many beautiful presents were received. The groom's present to the bride was a gold watch and chain, and to the maid of honor a gold ring set with pearls and rubies. No more popular bride was ever wedded in Dunnville than Miss Steele. In social circles she will be greatly missed, her friends being legion. The Silver Corner Band joined the merry party at the depot, gathered to extend congratulations and wish the newly-wedded God-speed.

Dr. Walter F. Chappell of New York City has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Chappell, of Sherbourne street.

Miss Pringle of Bloo street east was the guest of Miss Scholes at Ingleside, Simcoe Park, during the past week.

Among the guests registered at Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs, are Mrs. Harding, Miss Harding and Miss Lillian B. Harding, Carlton street.

Miss Parkin of Lindsay, Ont., accompanied by her two little nieces, Mamie and Irene, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Linstrum, St. James avenue.

Dr. G. Sterling Ryerson and his family are at Sturgeon Point, Kawartha Lakes. The four boys have great fun with their steam launch, while it

takes Miss Ryerson to make fun with the whistle. The doctor is of the opinion that there is no place like the Kawartha Lakes for recuperation and recreation.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Barron left on Tuesday, per steamer Kingston, on a trip to Montreal, Quebec and the Saguenay.

Miss Bremner of Sherbourne street and Miss Ross left on Saturday for Lake Muskoka for the balance of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander E. Wheeler and family are summering at Lakeview Cottage, Carthew Bay, Hawkesbury, Lake Simcoe.

Mrs. Doane, 9 Isabella street, accompanied by her granddaughter, Miss T. Rosier, is registered at the Kress Hotel, Preston.

The Misses Hagarty of Harbour street are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Merritt in their charming home in Richmond avenue, Buffalo.

Mr. Willie Galbraith went up to Burlington on Saturday to join Mrs. Galbraith and Master Allan, at Hotel Brant.

A very quiet wedding was celebrated on Monday afternoon in St. John's Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, by Rev. John Young, when Miss Ethel May Appelbe, daughter of Dr. James Appelbe of Toronto, was married to Mr. George M. Binns of Toronto. Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple left for a two weeks' trip to the Muskoka Lakes. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Binns will reside at 14 Wilton crescent, Toronto, where the bride will receive her friends after September 1.

Miss Landon Wright, B.A., has been appointed teacher of classics in St. Margaret's College, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Street. Miss Wright graduated in 1900 with the McCaul gold medal for classics, and the Frederick Wyld medal for English. In 1898 she carried off the Moss scholarship for classics; in 1899 the William Mulock prize for classics, and the classical prize for history; in 1897 the Moss scholarship for classics and first-class honors in English and history; in 1895 the Mary Mulock scholarship for classics and the Edward Baldwin scholarships in classics and moderns.

General Arthur Frederick Barrow, C.M.G., D.S.O., who has for twelve months been in command of the Indian native forces on service in China, was in Toronto this week, and stopped at the Queen's. He was accompanied by Lieutenant-colonel Macdonald, who is also returning to England on leave.

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"Why, I locked my door. I knew it was safe."

"No," she cried, "it was not safe! It was cruel to put such temptation in my way!" She sank upon a chair and burst into tears. "Think of me,小姐。I am very poor. I have six children to keep and a husband who can do no work. The money would make me rich, and you leave it on the table, the gold pieces all loose to dazzle my eyes and to put the devil into my heart! Through your thoughtlessness I might go to jail, my children might starve, my husband die. Ah, signore mio, never do it again! Think of the poor. Be merciful to us. Do not put temptation in our way."

I thought of nothing save that I was once more in Italy. Still, I locked my door, and took the key with me. When I came back, an aged and shriveled housemaid followed me into my room. She was wringing her hands,

"Ah, mio signore," cried she, going up to the dressing-table and opening a little drawer. "Is this yours?"

In the drawer lay ten or a dozen gold pieces.

"Yes," I said, "they are mine."

"Ah, signore, how could you do it? How could you leave this money about? It was all lying on the table."

The Definition.

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me what is meant by "steward?" Johnny—A steward is a man who doesn't mind his own business. Teacher—Where did you get that idea? Johnny—Well, I looked it up in the dictionary, and it said, "A man who attends to the affairs of others."—Cape "Register."

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To make Plaiting that will stay in is an art not too well known. This is the only place in Canada where all kinds of plaiting are well and thoroughly made. Single, Double and Triple Box Plaiting, Knife, Side, Kilt, Parisian, Accordion, Sun, Space, Cluster, and all fancy kinds can be done in any material. Orders by mail or express will be returned promptly. Send for circular.

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For SATURDAY NIGHT  
By "PINCE NEZ."

"**F**IVE thousand dollars reward is offered for Miss Maddison," said the station sergeant, yawning over his last hour on duty, for it was two o'clock in the morning. "That's a queer disappearance as ever we tried to fathom. A young girl buys a ticket for Chicago, takes a Pullman car, gets to her destination, fees the porter, gets in a street car and is never heard of again. Her aunt telegraphs to know why she doesn't arrive. Her parents telegraph that she left, as arranged. The conductor remembers her, the Pullman porter remembers her. And, with all that, she drops out of sight like a falling star. She was one of the prettiest girls in Denver."

"And her luggage?"

"Was claimed by someone the same day and shipped east."

"So she must have left Chicago."

"Not at all. Her checks were presented, but anyone might have got hold of them. Strange, however, that they struck the right place for finding the trunks, unless they were on the train, too."

"And the luggage was claimed again?"

"No, not until the mother described the contents of a left trunk at Grand Rapids, which had the girl's initials on it. It was one of the trunks just as the mother had packed it. Five thousand dollars reward," and the station sergeant sighed. "I'd like to earn it."

I was going to Grand Rapids, and laughingly remarked: "Well, I'll look out for Miss Maddison, sergeant. What did she look like?" The sergeant opened a locked drawer. "Here's a photograph of her," he said. "She's a beauty—at least, she was, I doubt if she's alive." I saw a cabinet portrait of a lovely, fragile-looking, refined girl, with long, slender nose and thin, arched lips, a sensitive, high-strung spirituelle creature, but with nothing of weakness in her features. The great, serious eyes were deep and very beautiful, and half veiled by rather heavy lids. Anyone seeing that face would not easily forget it. "May I have that picture?" I asked, impulsively. "I'll bring it back on my return trip."

The station sergeant laughed. "I got it from a reporter who made a drawing of it for the paper," he said. "But, as you say, I'd recognize Miss Maddison anywhere. She had the loveliest pale-gold hair, that curled in little rings all over her head, just like a boy."

"You've seen her?"

"Certainly. She has often visited her aunt here, and I used to have a beat on the North Side before I got promotion. Miss Maddison spent one whole summer in Chicago, the year of the World's Fair. She was nineteen the day before she disappeared."

"Strange story," I said, carelessly, but I put the photo in my pocket, and presently strolled to the station to await my train for the East. It was not long before I was comfortably settled for the trip and had impressed my porter with the fact that I was a person of consequence. How it is possible to do this I shall not make public, but the porter, a tall and fine-looking negro, hovered about me with a solicitude which was most soothing.

"We change time at Chicago, porter; what is the right hour?" I asked, as he stooped before me to put in a cinder screen. He pulled out his watch, turning it away from me, and I caught its inner side reflected in the little mirror which was set between the seats, he holding the watch very close to it as he stooped. In the lid was set a woman's picture, at which I stared as if galvanized. It was a tiny replica of the large photo which at that very moment stretched my breast pocket. What was this son of Ham doing with the picture of the young Denver lady whose disappearance had raised such a commotion? Before I could draw breath, the porter snapped his watch shut, said in deferential tones, "Barely a quarter to three, sah," and straightened his tall form, as the cinder-screen slipped into its groove.

"Have you been long on this run, porter?" I asked, carelessly. "Yes, sah, run from Chicago to Detroit for several years now."

"And never further?"

"No, sah. I don't know Canada at all."

"Nor west of Chicago, either?" I asked, carelessly still, with my eye on him, as he reached into an upper berth opposite. For just one moment he hesitated, then with a short laugh he answered:

"Well, not much, sah. I've run through to Frisco several times, and once or twice short trips. This is my regular route." Someone rang, and the porter hurried away, but presently he came back. "You goin' through to Canada, sah?" he asked.

"Perhaps so," I said. "If I don't find what I want first."

"Oh, you'll find it, sah," he said, with cheery conviction, and made himself busy over his bed-making again.

I went through to Detroit, after all. I don't know why, except that I hate being routed out at night, and when one has privileges such as I enjoyed it's no matter how far one chooses to travel. At Detroit I gave my man a dollar. "Buy your sweetheart an ice cream," I said, as he profusely thanked me. "My good lady thanks you, sah," he said, merrily. "Ise a married man, sah."

"Then what the mischief," said I to myself, "does your wife think of your carrying a white girl's picture in your watch cover?"

"You want me?" she called to the treating German.

"Nod ad all, my chilt; nod ad all. Only I wait to hear 'Du Bist wie Elne Blumchen.' That is nice singin'."

"Good-night," said the clear, sweet voice—the cultured, white voice!

"Guten-nacht, my chilt. Schlaufen sie wohl," said the guttural German voice; and I stood in the dark, with many queer thoughts.

The girl paused before my open door.

"Is anyone there?" she said, nervously.

"A blind man, young lady, who has rented this room to-day, and thanks you for your music."

She shrank into her room timidly. "Oh! I did not know the room was taken," she said, hesitating. "There is a box of mine in it. Shall I send down for the boy to take it out?"

"Don't trouble until to-morrow." I said. "It will be quite safe. I shall lock my door, madam." Then she very gently closed her own door, and the house was perfectly still.

And I waited until very late before I cautiously lit my gas and found under the sofa bed the box of the porter's wife. It was a very good box, indeed—expensive, and not much used—and on the end were three letters—E. G. M.—which certainly did not spell Jackson! Very early in the morning I arose and went out, and found a locksmith to open a locked trunk. He soon had the trunk open, sold me a key which fitted it, and took himself off before eight o'clock. Then I hesitated, but only for a moment. I had gone too far to resist further temptation. In a trice the tray of the trunk was on my bed, and I was looking at its contents. As a married man, I could appreciate the cost of the dainty things it contained, none of which I dared disturb. I gingerly opened the hat-box. There, tucked in, one corner was a dainty gray card-case, which I very carefully took out. Several cards were in it, and on each one was engraved Emily Gordon Maddison! I took one of them, hid it in my own pocketbook, and replaced the tray, locked the trunk, and carefully shoved it back under the sofa-bed. I had found what I wanted, and five thousand dollars lay in my inside pocket! After breakfast the boy came for the trunk, which he carried into the next room, and during the day I heard some more singing—such happy carols that I almost thought the whole business must be a weird dream, until I stealthily glanced into my pocketbook at the card. "What under the canopy could have led this sweet young lady to bestow herself upon a nigger?" I asked, furiously. "To leave home and family and associations, and live in a grubby city slum, and yet be happy enough to sing in that wondrous way?" I am afraid when on the second or third morning I heard a deep mellow voice blending with her clear treble I had a murderous impulse to begin an assault upon a son of Ham!

Before I became collector for the railway I had taken five years of criminal practice, and had come across some queer cases. But here was I, by a curious fatality, mixed up in a complication at once weird and interesting to a degree. "I shall go to Denver," I said, suddenly, when I had received at my supposed hotel an impudent telegram from my wife, asking when I was coming home to arrange our holiday trip. So on the next evening I boarded a train, and as soon as I stepped into the sleeper I encountered the tail form and dollar smile of my friend the colored porter.

"Evening, sah. Yes, the parlor is vacant. I got a message from town 'bout an hour back," he said, politely. "You go clear through this time, sah?"

"Yes, to Chicago," I said.

He regarded me with reminiscent eye and smiled. "What got you looking for, sah?"

I started and stared, then answered thoughtfully, "I think so, John; I think so," for I remembered my words of a fortnight earlier.

"That's good, sah. Tole you you would, you know," and with a low chuckle the porter showed me to my state-room.

"Oh, nothing. She's torn her dress," I answered, as she disappeared, and the porter also withdrew into the seat-room of the room opposite.

"What's the matter?" said my client, curiously, as the cry burst from my lips.

"We change time at Chicago, porter; what is the right hour?" I asked, as he leaned from the window and looked up and down the narrow street. The woman at the other window also leaned out, and called to him, pointing to a straggling strand of nasturtiums which trailed nobly independent from her flower-garden. She reached her arm very far out and tried to imprison the trailing flowers, and just then her sleeve caught in a nail protruding from the window-frame, and rip' went the dark cambric, laying bare a couple of inches of her upper arm. I started and exclaimed.

"What's the matter?" said my client, curiously, as the cry burst from my lips.

"Yes, mein Herr, vater, komm!" Vater came, and we soon struck a bargain. "I will pay you for a month," I said. "And when I get my trunk I will send it. My name is Jones. Put the trunk in for me."

"Yah, sah," said vater. "It is a nice room, and maybe some goot essen is by the shop."

"You could send up my breakfast each day?" I enquired.

"Yah, far ein mark—twenty-five cent."

"Very good. Send it to-morrow morning at eight o'clock," and I took myself to my small hall bedroom, only separated from the porter's menage by a plastered wall. During the evening I journeyed out more than once, purchasing several things at the queen-lit shops and grinning as I saw across the way the head and shoulders of my client propped up in an easy chair.

Presently a soft, clear soprano voice began to sing very sweetly next door, and a tinkling accompaniment on a rather fair piano was audible. The woman played and sang with evident culture and ability. And she was the wife of a colored porter! She sang so softly that I didn't catch the words at first, but presently I entrapped a line which was not English. My heart beat quicker. No one can imagine the strength of the impulse that guided me, as I gently set my door ajar and tentatively listened.

The old German frau was going to bed, and she paused before my door. "You dere, mister?" she asked. "You don't light de gas?"

"No, I have bad eyes. I am resting them after working," I mendaciously explained.

"Dose singin' been nice?" she asked. "You like dem?"

"Yes," I said. "Is it your daughter who sings German?"

"Ach, no, das ist Frau Jackson Ach! She is schmart singer, hein?" and the old woman glided away as my neighbor's door opened quickly and the girl came out.

"We are going home soon, husband,

me to do, when we get out of this wreck."

"Do!" he screamed. "You can't do nothing, sah. She's all alone except for me. She left all of 'em for me," and his voice trembled. "She's an angel, sah, is my wife, sure enough. God help her!"

"Well, she shall never want, John. I said, solemnly. "I swear it, and if you feel so badly—is there anything you'd like me to say to her from you?"

"Tell her I died worshipping her," he said, in almost hysterical tones. "Tell her I died worshipping her."

"Indeed I will, if you don't get there first," I said, cheerily, feeling in the vest pocket and taking out the watch. "Looks like robbery, porter," I continued, stowing it away in my pocket.

"See here, if my legs weren't pinned down, I'd try to help you. Now, I am going to call out again—a lantern is coming this way."

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are we not?" asked my wife, when she had somewhat calmed me.

I sent for my friend of Second street,

and invited him to earn five thousand dollars. Needless to say, he left for the West on the next train with a box in his bonnet and an address in Denver in his breast pocket. In due time a couple of notices appeared in the Denver papers to the effect that Miss Madison had reached home a widow, having eloped three years before with a secret lover and on his death returned and been welcomed with enthusiasm. My wife and myself advised the Ladybird to keep her own counsel, and she did so, her married life being amply vouchered by my wife and myself, and its details being unknown even to the clerk, who pocketed the five thousand dollars and made his fortune apparently through a chance recognition of the lost girl when our company was in Denver. We love the Ladybird-dear, and my wife looks with detective eyes at every porter on the line.

"One day I visited once more the sergeant of police, and returned him the photograph. "You should have had it sooner had I not been nearly





## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.TELEPHONE { Business Office..... Main 1209  
Editorial Rooms.....

Subscriptions for Canada and United States addresses will be received on the following terms:

One Year..... \$2.00

Six Months..... 1.00

Three Months..... 50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

Vol. 14.

TORONTO, JULY 27, 1901.

No. 37.



## OUTDOOR PASTIMES

It was

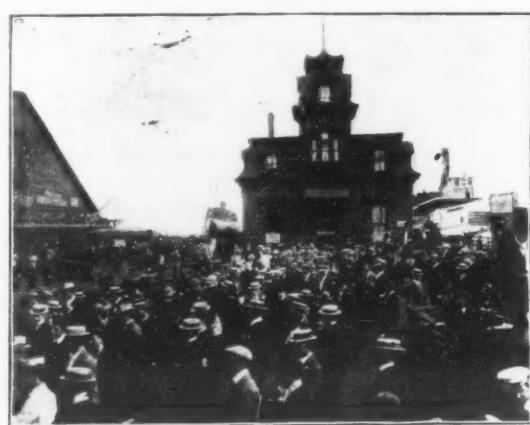
"Hurrah for Mary,

Hurrah for the lamb,

Hurrah for the little girl that didn't give a sis-boom-bah,  
sis-boom-bah,  
Argonauts, Argonauts, rah! rah! rah!"  
or "words to that effect" that greeted the returning oarsmen when they neared the dock at the foot of Yonge street last Monday. The cheers were not only for the Argos, however, but for Lou Scholes, Len Marsh, and the Winnipeggers as well.

Yankee oarsmen and their style of rowing must have received quite a shock at Philadelphia when the Canadian contingent carried off the lion's share of the prizes. The Philadelphia papers are working overtime trying to find some excuse for the defeat of the Vesper eight—ex-world's champions—and have raised the old bluf about poor condition, etc., etc., but the truth of the matter is that the Vespers over-estimated themselves, and it must have been a bitter pill for them to swallow to be not only easily beaten by the Argos, but rowed to a standstill by the Winnipeg intermediate crew. How are the mighty fallen!

Talking about the Winnipeg crew, it seems as if these Westerners could overcome any difficulty to give their athletes a chance to compete in a contest. No distance seems too great for them to travel, whether it be to Henley and Philadelphia to row, or Montreal to play hockey, and when Winnipeg sends out athletes they are to be feared, no matter what company they are in, as the Vespers now realize. The name of Scholes should be pretty well known by this time on the other side of the line, and if Lou Scholes keeps



The crowd which greeted the Canadian oarsmen at the Yonge street wharf last Monday.

Photo by Galbraith.

on improving as he has it will be seen among the list of senior amateur champions as well as intermediate. They have a peculiar mode of running things over in the United States, and this applies to athletics as well as elections and other things. Johnstone and Titus outwore Juvenal of the Vespers by several lengths in the preliminary heat of the association singles, Johnstone coming in first. Titus failed to turn his stake, however, and was disqualified. In the finals Mr. Titus crooked up and was allowed to compete without, as is claimed, getting the consent of either Marsh or Johnstone, the winners of the first heats.

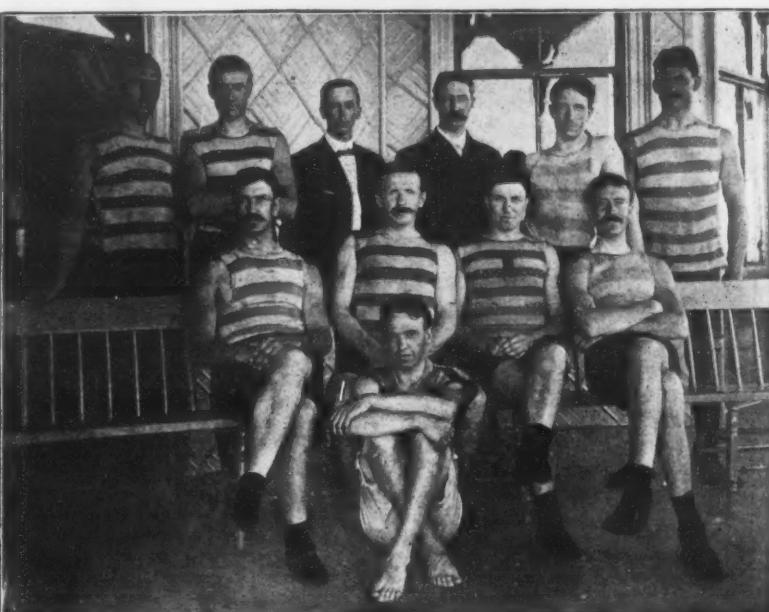
The Argonauts are looking for new worlds to conquer now, and naturally turn toward Henley, and if the crew will go there will be no difficulty about the financial end of the trip, for, as already reported, one of Toronto's citizens has come forward and offered to foot the bill if they care to compete for the Grand Challenge Cup. Leander will have to row if the cup is to stay at home, for the present Argonaut eight is much stronger than the last one that went to Henley, and all praise is due Captain Barker for his efforts in getting the crew together and coaching them up to their present form.

Last year's defender, "Red Coat," will not defend the Scawanhaka Cup, as was at first thought. It has been decided that the new boat "Sennerville" will have the honor this year. The "Red Coat" is slightly faster in light winds, but the new boat is much stiffer in a blow, and Mr. Duggan is inclined to favor the boat which is best in a good breeze, for, as he says, "it is easier to shake out a reef during a race than to take one in."

Local yachtsmen were very much disappointed that the promised race between the "Genesee" and "Invader" did not take place last Saturday. The "Invader" is going to have a fast boat against her when she goes over to Chicago, and will have to sail "all she knows" to land the cup. From the present outlook the Detroit boats seem to be the best, and in all probability the "Cadillac" will be the boat chosen to defend the Canada Cup. The "Milwaukee" is a "freak," and should she prove too fast for the rest, will probably be debarred by the committee.

The lawn bowling tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake is beginning to attract attention already, although not taking

## THE ARGONAUT EIGHT.

Kent, Mackenzie (J.H.) Capt. Barker, O'Hearn, Duggan, Wright.  
Goldman, Mason, Parmenter, Mackenzie (D.R.).  
Bastebo (cox)

This is the eight which defeated the famous Vesper crew (champions of the world) at Philadelphia last Saturday, and which next year will probably compete at Henley for the Grand Challenge Cup.

place until August 20. The prizes that are being offered are very valuable, and show good judgment on the part of those who chose them. It is a good chance for an outing for anyone who is inclined to take a bowl.

Regarding the visit of the Yankee tennis players, Ward and Davis, among other comments on the same subject London "Truth" says: "To sum up the lesson to be learnt from the Americans, though their twist service is extremely difficult to return at first, it nevertheless, loses much of its difficulties after one has had some opportunity of studying its peculiarities. To emphasize this point, one only has to recollect the way in which the younger Doherty returned it towards the end of their match. It is, however, ex-

MR LOU SCHOLES,  
The Don's Champion Intermediate Sculler.

tremely doubtful whether English players will use the twist service themselves, as to use it effectively requires a lot of practice. This is expert opinion, and all I can say is that if English players have not patience to master it the Americans will smash us before long. Nothing could have been more sportsmanlike than the way in which the Americans took their defeat, and one of the features of the meeting was the dinner given by the All England Club to their American guests.

\* \* \*

It looks at present as if the Torontos were out of the running in the "big" league. From the outlook now, the fight will probably be between the Shamrocks and Cornwall. The Caps are by no means out of it, but have some pretty tough games to win, and will be somewhat handicapped by the loss of Eddie Murphy, who will be a hard man for the Ottawa team to replace. It was a "sore touch" for the local team to lose to Cornwall up at Rosedale. It is all right to lose in the Factory Town. Very few teams have the nerve to go down there and win, for if they do happen to be victors they come home on the instalment plan—a very small piece at a time.

\* \* \*

Talking about lacrosse history, wasn't there at one time a team called the Tecumsehs—or was there? I imagine that if anyone took the trouble to go up to a town called Paris they would find in the green sward a tablet with an inscription which would start: "Sacred to the memory of the Tecumseh lacrosse team."

THE REFEREE.

## Smoking-car Stories.

A CANADIAN preacher who in his later days was bitterly opposed to smoking, though previously addicted to the almost constant use of the weed, used to say that he was cured of his vice in this wise: He dreamed that he saw the angel Gabriel descending from the clouds, in his mouth a short clay pipe at which he puffed vigorously. It seemed so incongruous for an angel to pollute his mouth with smoke that the minister was impressed with the undignified aspect, not to say uncleanness, of the habit, and gave it up. A fellow who heard this story repeated said: "Supposing he had seen Gabriel munching a piece of pie. It would be undignified for an archangel to eat pie. Would the minister have given up that delicacy also?"

\* \* \*

ONCE upon a time they had a hair-raising experience with a supposed ghost on a steamer coming down the upper lakes. At Sault Ste. Marie a dead man was taken on board, to be forwarded to his friends down east. Fresh water sailors are not so superstitious as "salts," yet they hate handling "stiffs," and think a corpse likely to bring bad luck to the bottom it sinks in. The first night out from the Sault, as the vessel traversed Lake Huron in the inky blackness, with a freshening gale blowing out of the north-west, the officer of the watch heard about midnight a strange, weird burst of music seemingly from the surrounding vacancy. Suddenly it died away only to burst forth again. The officer and the man at the wheel felt creepy, but braved it out for a time. Then other members of the crew heard the sounds and came to the upper deck. The captain was sent for, but was nonplussed as the others. The strange sounds could not be located or accounted for, until they had continued for half an hour and the sailors were commencing to give it up as a bad case of "spooks" or old-fashioned sirens. At length the steward found that a passenger had placed a small Aeolian harp in his state-room window, and the rising wind was sweeping its chords with ever-increasing frequency and force.

\* \* \*

IN a northern county of Ontario there are two adjoining townships, one of which is a luxuriant garden and the other a sterile stoneheap. In the former, every man who exercises ordinary intelligence and industry is well-to-do. In the latter, back-breaking, unremitting toil alone

began to move about uneasily, and to his horror Jack became aware that nice little rivers were running along the car floor and an innocent pond forming around the lady's feet.

Just then the conductor came along, and while punching Jack's ticket said, "Better take off that coat and it will dry in a few minutes in the baggage car," but Jack muttered something about it not being worth while, as he was getting off at Markham. "Why, this ticket is for Blackwater," said the conductor in surprise, and Jack answered quickly, "Yes, I know, but I forgot about some business I had in Markham."

As he left the train he almost ran against Tom Lawrence, who greeted him warmly. "Get off your mackintosh and come and have a smoke," said Tom, as they entered their hotel together, but Jack only ordered a bedroom, and telling the porter to go on with his grip, started up stairs. Tom gazed after him for a moment and then started in pursuit.

"See here, old fellow," he said, as he entered the bedroom at Jack's heels, "you must tell me what is wrong. You look as if you were taking the smallpox, and I am sure your temperature is 110."

"Lock the door, Lawrence," gasped Jack, "and let me get off this infernal coat," and the key no sooner sounded in the lock than a mass of wet rubber was thrown across the room, and Jack stood revealed in an immaculate suit of silk underwear.

"I overslept myself," he said to the bewildered Tom, "and the room was so warm that I must have forgotten my pants and coat in my rush."

"What do you suppose the conductor would have said if you had removed your mackintosh?" asked Tom when Jack had ended his explanation, but Jack had no theory to advance.

## Advertising of the Future.

I HEAR (not on authority, therefore possibly correctly) that the white cliffs of Albion are no longer to be left out in the cold as "spaces to let." Possibly before these lines find their way into print that landmark of English eyes and hearts will be transformed into a belt of advertisements which, I understand, will at night be writ in fire.

In the next war which the arrogance of other nations forces upon us, we can imagine, as our hospital ships near our shores, how the sorely wounded soldier will say to the conductor who supports him:

"I'm goin' fast, Bill. Is 'Lemco' in sight yet?"

"No, old chap, it ain't."

"Have we passed 'Labby's Lip Salve?'

"Not yet."

While on the bridge the burly captain peers into the night and says, "Dash my starry top-sails if we aren't out of our course!"

"No, sir," says the attendant bo'sun; "that's 'Keating's Cough Lozenges' a-shown' up on our lee now."

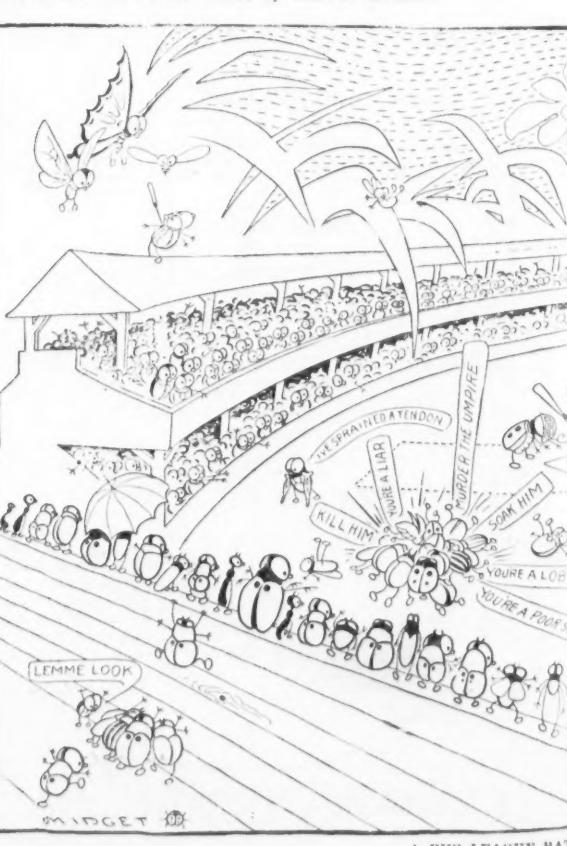
Ah! happy island, where the shout of the advertiser already re-echoes in our drawing-rooms, and will shortly greet the homing Briton from afar across the waves.—Mary Cholmondeley in the "Monthly Review."

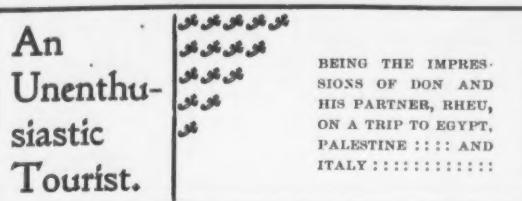
## Mexican Exclusiveness.

COMMENTING on the seclusion of the aristocracy in Mexico, a writer in the New York "Sun" says: "There are few homes so cut off from curious eyes as those of the rich in this land. The massive residences of high-caste Mexicans stand flush with the thoroughfares. They seem to frown upon all the world. Very rarely may one get a glimpse of a home interior through the iron-barred and wooden-shuttered windows. Occasionally one may get a passing view of a beautiful patio, with tropical flower-gardens, swinging hammocks, and a family group in the shade of the verandah or flowering vine, when a lumbering gate stands ajar. But that is all the tourist in Mexico sees of high life here until he has letters of introduction. The richer and older the Mexican family, the more exclusive it is. Many of high-caste Mexican women are never seen in public except with their families, and then it is at the cathedral, the opera, or on an occasional drive behind caparisoned horses in the afternoon. When a rich Mexican woman goes shopping it is by previous arrangement with the importer of dry goods. The señora drives with her daughters to the stores, where she is received by the merchant with all the ceremony of welcoming a potentate. They are led to a beautifully appointed room, away from all the other customers, and for hours the merchant and his clerks bring and display the latest importations of women's wear. A rich señora who would go to market and participate in the purchase of food would be the most talked about woman in the community for a week."

## Sir Walter Besant on Sermons.

Sir Walter Besant was, as we know, the successful commercial novelist of the latter half of the nineteenth century, and by means of the Authors' Society he tried to put literature on a business-like basis. A young writer once appealed to him, and he retorted with a kindly letter from which may be extracted these sentences: "In describing an incident or elaborating a situation always incline definitely either to the humorous or the sentimental side. Your chief characters need not much matter so long as they are healthy and attractive, for the success of a novel comes from the quaint types introduced to work out the story. The novel with a purpose to do good may become a powerful agent and it is foolish to despise it. As for books which do harm, that depends on the moral standpoint of the reader. Some of the best sermons ever preached were by Rabelais, some of the worst by famous divines."





VIII.—The Pyramids.

PYRAMID-BUILDING appears to have been a species of royal Egyptian vanity, much the same in its origin as the more modern idea of founding universities, libraries, and the building of expensive monuments. Perhaps if the student of Egyptology were to visit a modern cemetery he would more thoroughly understand the reason why hundreds of thousands of men were employed during lifetimes of considerable length in erecting those vast structures on the sands of Egypt. Both men and women like to think they will not be forgotten, and extraordinary efforts are made nowadays, as of old, by the possessors of money and power, to flatter the hope that their shroud will in some way so flutter in the breeze as to attract the passerby, who, as a matter of fact, in nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of ten thousand does not care a cent who the dead person was or is, so long as he cannot make money out of him or her. Only those who do something to excite the reciprocal affection which self-interest keeps alive can hope to be remembered with anything like affection. The pyramids are good for nothing except to attract sightseers, and they mark on the barren and sandy plain what may be called the great cemetery of Egypt. This pyramid district extends in a series of groups over about three parts of a degree of latitude—probably the largest cemetery on earth. The Great Pyramid of Gizeh is about 800 feet in length and breadth, and was originally some 480 feet high, though since the covering has been taken from it it is not much more than 450 feet in altitude. It covers some thirteen acres of ground, and someone addicted to figures has calculated its building material at 85,000,000 cubic feet.

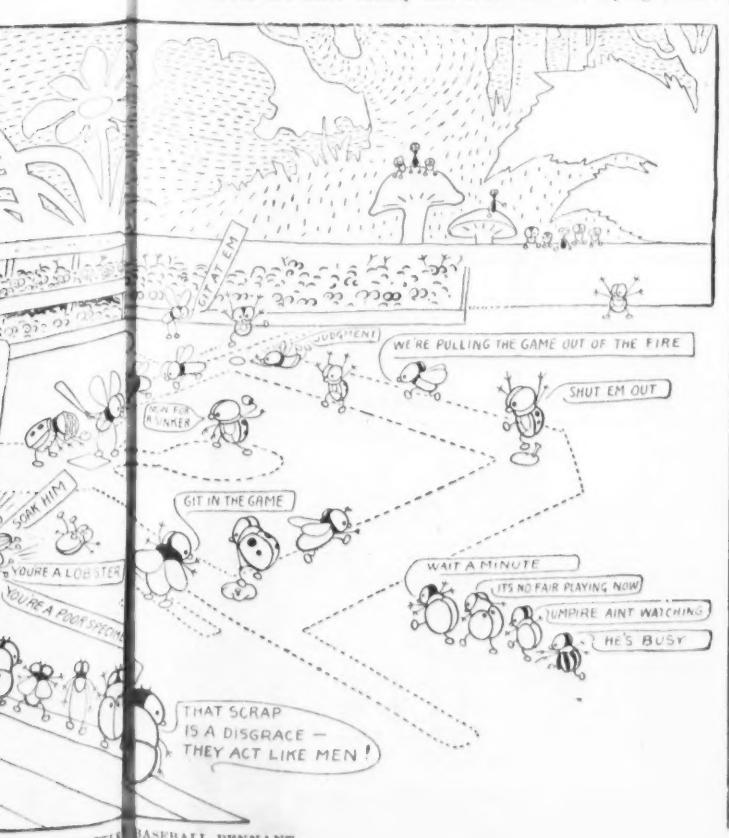
This Great Pyramid is surrounded by many others, at least one of which rivals it in size, and all are constructed on the same plan. It is without windows, and has its only entrance from the north. From this entrance, if one takes the pains to carry a candle light, one finds a long tunnel, then a tomb, and, if the pyramid has not been robbed, a mummy. The entrance is low, and the progress to the tomb, which is round low down, is painful and slow. It is interesting to watch women sightseers, who are the most difficult to discourage of any class of tourists, dive into these burrows that they may say to their friends when they go home that they explored the interior of the Great Pyramid, or all the pyramids, for some of them are not content with one, but break their backs in the entire bunch. There is nothing to see but the passage-way, but there is much to be smelt and a great deal of heat to be endured.

The same class of tourists insist upon climbing to the top, and if you can imagine going up to the top of the highest building you were ever in and doing that about four times over, not on a modern stairway, but up steps which are about four feet high, a fairly good idea can be obtained of ascending a pyramid of the greater variety.

The Arabs in the neighborhood of the pyramids have a monopoly of the guide business. These people, called the Pyramid Bedouin, are entirely controlled by a Sheik who is responsible for their good behavior, and who takes pains to collect the tariff of two shillings for each man who helps pull up the enthusiastic tourist. This pulling up process is by no means agreeable. While the Bedouin is able to go up with a swiftness and certainty of foot which is surprising, the tourist, unable to take the long steps, has to be yanked up like a bag of flour, and while standing on each narrow platform finds it difficult to maintain his or her levelness of head, but feels sure that the strong wind which blows over the unbroken surface of the desert will waft the explorer into the Unknown, where the builder of the pyramids is no doubt reclining under date palms or in lotus groves. Some of these Bedouins are very cheeky and have the bad habit of insisting on baksheesh when near the top. I did not venture on the climb, as Rhen insisted that it would not be good for my health; nor did I go into the bazaar which leads to the excavation which invariably forms a dismal basement to a still more dismal pile. Some of my travelling companions got about half way up and then came back, with the admission that they had not thought it possible that there was so much wind aloft.

I am doubtful if one gets a good idea of the size of these enormous structures by ascending them. It is much better to sit at the base and try to count the steps and gaze towards the top. In this latter way the monumental huge ness of the whole thing soaks into one's system, for the things which look so vast when approaching them seem as small and commonplace when one is a hundred yards away, as an ordinary tenement house. Sitting at the base and measuring with the eye stones the uplifting of which nobody has been able to explain, the contiguity of the inexplicable monuments makes one feel frightfully small.

It is said that the largest pyramid is built of stones from the quarries of Arabia, that over 350,000 men were employed for twenty years in its construction, and probably the best guess which has been made at the method of construction is that the inequalities formed by the stair-like structure were filled with nitre, salt and sand, up which the blocks were dragged. But no matter how the things were built, their uselessness and the fact that no one takes pains to find or remember the person whose tyranny or arrogance they represent, or to what dynasty he belonged, illustrate the utter futility and foolishness of trying to live



#### Andrew Lang's Plaint.

In a recent issue of "Longman's Magazine," Andrew Lang thus complains of this hurrying age:

"Our condition of gregariousness and futile hurry is the real bane of literature, which needs leisure both in the producer and the consumer. Moreover, the increase in the number of readers has begotten a class of printed trash adapted to the needs of those who can read, but have no converse with great ideas or distinguished expression; no knowledge at all of anything but the present. The trash being handy and omnipresent, we all read it. The educated are like the Japanese, suddenly brought acquainted with modernism. Their old leisure art, their old aesthetic instincts die in presence of Brummagem. I feel sure that a few cargoes of Paris ornaments would have swamped the art of Greece. It is human nature. The Florentines want, it is said, to pull down the Ponte Vecchio, and have a broad new bridge, with a tramway. In the same way one buys Dante's 'Inferno' in the Temple edition. There is a prose version in English, the type is good, the book lighter in the hand than a cheap magazine. Nothing could be better. But does one read Dante in a train? Alas! I fear one reads a silly sensational story, and where is culture? One might

#### THE WINNIPEG EIGHT.



These Westerners not only succeeded in winning the intermediate eights, but beat the Vespers in the senior class and finished next the Argonauts.

centuries after one is dead. Had the same number of men toiled to build houses for the poor or to construct the works which Great Britain in a few years has been able to erect in Egypt, the country of the pyramids would not have been for so many centuries the land of oppressed peasants, thieving officials, tyrannical magistrates and lecherous keepers of harems.

Anxious for a novel experience, I was induced to beset a recumbent dromedary in order to take a ride through the neighborhood of the Sphinx. Before Rhen and I joined company I had experience with some three or four hundred bronchos which I managed to educate into reasonable compliance with the human will. I must confess, however, that I never felt a sensation so much like that of falling off a house as when the dromedary began to get up. First one end heaves up, and the rider clutches wildly for something to hold on to; then the other end begins to heave, and the middle of the beast sways from side to side. Even when the animal is walking the motion is a back-breaking affair. My guide, who had been continuously beseeching me to give him two shillings and he would go up to the top of the Great Pyramid and back again inside of twelve minutes, assured me that there was no danger of falling off. Then this cross between a son of the desert and sea-coal made the dromedary trot. There was no mane, nor ears, nor tail, nor anything that I could get hold of. All I could do was to "holler," hang on to the saddle, and calculate the distance I was likely to fall. The guide laughed sardonically and trotted beside the beast, which groaned as if in sympathy for my distress. Backwards and forwards my body swayed, with the south end of my backbone as a pivot. I lost the stirrups, but as I had preserved my walking-stick I managed to give the guide a crack over the shoulders which brought him to a realizing sense that I was unprepared to be made the victim of a practical joke.

The Sphinx is a great scheme. Some curio-hunter perhaps has knocked its nose off, but at a considerably lower level than the pyramids it gazes out over the great sand plain as if early in life it had been frozen stiff by the loss of someone it loved. The air of mystification, surprise and general dejection worn by the Sphinx is something that would be of immense value to the woman who has to meet her husband in the hall when he brings a jag back from the club. One cannot help wondering what those stony and sightless eyes have witnessed while gazing out over that pyramid-built and sand-swept plain. No doubt the great funeral corteges and the strange rites with which the Egyptians who fill the seventy pyramids which dot the desert as far as the eye of the Sphinx can reach, were put away, were enough to have fixed on the granite face the look which no spectator can ever forget. Down below and to the right of the Sphinx is the temple, which was no doubt erected in connection with this monument to someone who is dead. It is supposed to be the tomb of Amasis, of the XXVI Dynasty. The sand in front of the huge piece of statuary has been removed, and thus the temple between the paws made visible. There is a sloping path nearly 150 feet long reaching to the temple, and the tombs of a number of ancient personages are to be found; also an altar and a deep well which still holds water with green cream on it. The favorite ornament seems to be lions, and altogether the temple is a very interesting place.

The Sphinx itself is a hard thing to describe, for it is unlike anything to which the people of this Western world are accustomed. If you imagine a huge cat with ear-laps, a woman's face, and paws fifty feet long, you get some idea of the size and fashion of this unforgettable thing.

One might write endlessly of the pyramids and their surroundings, but in the limited space to which these articles must be confined, only suggestions can be made. However, even an article which is no more than a suggestion would be incomplete without reference to the enormous expense, wonderful enthusiasm and great labor of the explorers who have removed the sand and debris from the neighborhood of some of these great monuments. Campbell's Tomb, named after a British official resident in Egypt, is a good illustration of the work which has been required to make some of these ancient works visible. It is a good example of an ancient tomb, located between the Great Pyramid and the Sphinx, and its exploration must have cost a mint of money. Indeed, all the sandhills which surround the Great Pyramid are supposed to be full of sarcophagi, and probably as Egypt develops in the hands of the British, still more astonishing things will be brought to light. As it is at present, there is certainly sufficient at Gizeh to interest the traveller and make his trip to Egypt satisfactory, supposing nothing more were to be seen.

DON.

(To be continued.)

DON.

be studying the Florentine; one is perusing Captain Kettle, and a very entertaining sixpence-worth the captain provides. Is it not so?

"Hypocrite lecteur, mon semblable, mon frere?" We are all miserable sinners, intellectually ruined by the fruits of popular education."

#### The Coronation.

London "Truth" bears that the coronation is to be a two days' function. On the first proceedings are to be limited to Westminster Abbey; on the second there is to be a great procession through the streets. In the interests of monarchy, says the writer, it is to be sincerely hoped that the present "State carriage" will be left in its coach-house. Monarchy would not long survive even in the most loyal of nations were this ridiculous and hideous carriage to make too frequent appearances. It would seem that the actual coronation is a very lengthy affair—so lengthy that George IV. had a sort of tent erected to which he several times retired to take a bath. On one of these occasions some high official entered the tent. George IV. was a stout man, whose weakness was to have a waist. The high official, on entering, was aghast to find His Majesty seated in a chair, stark naked, and puffing like a grampus, whilst preparations were being made to restrain him into sylph-like proportions.

#### The Thoughts of Youth.

Here is a list of the papers read at the graduating exercises of a Baltimore school the other day: "The Rule of Right and Wrong," "The Theory of Utilitarian Ethics," "Ethics," "The Temporal Advantage of the Individual No Norm of Morality," "The Theory of Evolutionary Ethics," "The Temporal Progress of the Human Race No Norm of Morality," "Theory of the Autonomy of Reason," "The True Norm of Morality," and "Christian Education and Morality."

This is almost awe-inspiring. The wisdom that is bound up in those papers—now of course carefully preserved—must be overpowering. The Chicago "Record-Herald" wants to know, however, whether there is among the authors of those wonderful essays any who knows how to grease a buggy or grind an axe.

#### The Editor.

Emporia (Kansas) "Gazette."

In the meantime the editor grinds away, smiling with the "happy couple," shaking hands with the "charming hostess," bracing up "one of the town's solid financial concerns," throwing bouquets at the graduating class, smoking the cigars of the "proud parent," weeping with the "grief-stricken family" and filling the scrap-books of all the mothers in the town with kind words that never die—and all for a dollar a year for the Weekly and forty cents a month for the Daily. And as he wades through this vale of tears and a deep well which still holds water with green cream on it. The favorite ornament seems to be lions, and altogether the temple is a very interesting place.

"And did you find the Chinese a brave nation?" we asked of the returned soldier. "Indeed," he replied, casting a sidelong glance at the wagonful of loot which was being unloaded, "they were foemen worthy of our steel"—Baltimore "American."



Going to hear Professor Bone's lecture on "The Cycles of Time!"

"No; he can give me no information on that subject."

"How did you gain your knowledge?"

"Bought my wheel on the instalment plan."



NE of my visitors who never tires me is the doctor. I wish he did not take my helplessness so much to heart. I have seen him brush his hand across his eyes, and I have heard him say naughty and surprising words to himself when he has tried all sorts of experiments upon those tiresome, useless limbs of mine, and all in vain. He always stoutly maintains that before he dies will see me running about as well as ever. Poor old dear doctor, the first person in the world to hold me in his hands and to tell me own brave mum I looked like her. The audacity of it!

And to-day he did give me a surprise by bringing Miss Angel to see me. Miss Angel is the elder American girl, who has sung the most exquisite solos each Sunday evening during the offertory. Her voice is like a flute with a soul in it. She can go up so high and come trilling down in such a marvellous way that the whole parish is at her feet. And she is so serious, too; quite different from any idea I had ever formed of an American heiress. The doctor brought her to my chair as if she were a rose or a new novel. "Here, my dear, is Miss Angel. I thought you'd like to see her!" And Miss Angel took my hand and flashed her big eyes at me, and said: "He knew I wanted to see you, he means."

I do not make girl friends easily. I have not made a friend of Miss Angel, but I am intensely interested in her. She talks like a man, about big things. She believes the North Pole will soon be reached, and that an American will reach it. "We have the faculty of getting there," she said, half jokingly. She wanted to live in England, because only by living among a people can you do them justice. She said I suggested a poem of peace to her, and then she recited the poem. I was afraid to ask her who wrote it. It just seemed as if it came to her, and had to be spoken. Her eyes are wonderful—big, brown, full and so serious. She quieted me and rests me strangely. I think if I had to choose one word to describe her I should call her noble. She must be like the Statue of Liberty which holds the light to guide the ships into the harbor of New York. David told me once about that statue. He was wonderfully taken with it.

Miss Angel smiled when I told her how I enjoyed her singing. "But it is my little sister who sings!" she said. "May she not come and see you?" So there was a message to the coachman, and I heard the horses' hoofs on the drive, and away they flew to fetch the Miss Angel who sang. She is like an anemone, so slight and fragile, and her little face is so fair, and her hair curlis and is yellow—not golden, like Mrs. Carew—but yellow and fluffy, and her tiny hands are not much larger than little Ernest's! She is tall, too, quite a dream of a maiden, and her voice—like a flute with a soul in it! Never were two sisters so utterly different. They stayed the whole morning beside my chair, and the singing Miss Angel sang a delicious little high lullaby for me, and she sent a footprint for her banjo and sang strange songs—"cooing songs," she called them—for me, some of which were delightful. I was not in the least tired, though the elder Miss Angel apologized when she found out how late it was, and that I had not had my luncheon. And she left me a little book to read, about the power of mind over matter. It seems an American thought entirely, and rather advanced, but I am not sure it doesn't appeal to me a good deal.

Father has been laughing at me. "You're following the parish," he said. "They are madly infatuated with these Angelic young ladies!" "It was very good of them to come," said Mum, valiantly, "and they left ten pounds for the repair fund." "Ah, come now, let us hope Angels' visits may not be few and far between." "They're coming to-morrow," said L.

Miss Lelean ran in for a moment to bring me my library parcel. We have a library club of which she is president. As she was going out she said. "Did you know Lord Stourton is giving a dinner party for the Angels?" I did not; but I only said, "Isn't he good?" and to that Miss Lelean made no answer. "I am told each of the Angel young women has five millions of dollars," And I responded, "What a sum, to be sure!" Miss Lelean stopped on the doorstep. "Helen," she said, sharply, "I believe you're trying to snub me." "Well," said I, "would you care amite if I were?" Miss Lelean and I sometimes rub one another the wrong way. She is very fond of David, Mum says. She came back. "Forgive me, my dear," she said, "but I hope those Americans won't fascinate David. He certainly is running after them a bit." Then I was catty, I admit. "Lord Stourton can look after himself," Miss Lelean, I said, laughing. "Can't you, David?" for at that moment he came in behind her. If a gentleman could look angry at a maiden lady, he did, just for one second, when he saw her to the gate most politely.

It seemed to me that when he kissed me he was not quite at ease. "Has she told you that I am having some people to meet the Angels at dinner next week?" he asked. "I've seen them both, David," I began inconsequently. "Aren't they ripping fine girls?" said David. "I've only one regret, Helen; that you can't be there." And he smoothed my hair in his kind, gentle way. He did not talk much, just a few things about the dinner and who were to be there, and then I felt a bit tired, and David saw it and went away. And I rang for nurse and complained of my pillows, and nurse took my temperature and my pulse, and said I was feverish, and I gave her a fright by weeping and wailing and complaining, and saying I wished I were dead. I am awfully ashamed and penitent, and have told nurse so. Whereat she began to weep idiotically and said I was perfectly right.

(To be continued.)

#### One Thousand Years of Female Folly.

M. Felix, one of the world's greatest dressmakers, closed his doors in Paris last week a bankrupt. The cause was the failure of the Palais de Costumes at the recent exhibition. Felix invested all of his money in this palace and its dresses, which show one thousand years of female folly. Its remnants have been bought up by a big clothing establishment called "Les Trois Quartiers." Felix was the dressmaker for almost all the famous actresses in Europe and of all the rich smart set, as distinguished from the aristocracy. Among those he had been in the habit of dressing were Mrs. Langtry, Ada Rehan, Bernhardt, Jane, Calve, Anna Robinson, Sibyl Sanderson and Liane de Pougy.

#### His Extensive Programme.

"My idea," said the ambitious young author, "is to write an historical novel." "Yes?" "And, of course, a magazine article showing how I came to write the historical novel." "Yes?" "Then to dramatize the historical novel." "Yes?" "Then to dramatize the magazine article." "Ah!" "And to write a magazine article showing how I came to dramatize the other magazine article." "Good!" "Then to dramatize the second magazine article." "Excellent! Excellent!" "And then to write—Oh! I understand the scheme! Fine programme—if the public will stand for it!" "Puck."

**TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.****NORTH GERMAN LLOYD**New York, Cherbourg, Southampton,  
Bremen

Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., June 25, 10 a.m.  
Kaisarin Maria Theresia, Tues., July 9, 10 a.m.  
Kaisar Wm. der Grosse, Tues., July 10, 10 a.m.  
Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues., Aug. 13, 10 a.m.  
Lahn..... Tues., Aug. 20, 10 a.m.  
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., Aug. 27, 10 a.m.

**New York Branch**

Groeser Kurfuerst..... Thurs., July 25, noon  
H. H. Meier..... Thursday, Aug. 1, 10 a.m.  
Barbarossa..... Thursday, Aug. 8, 11 a.m.

**MEDITERRANEAN GIBRALTAR NAPLES GENOA**

Hohenzollern..... Sat., June 22, 11 a.m.  
Werra..... Sat., June 29, 3 p.m.  
Alba..... Sat., July 6, 11 a.m.  
Trave..... Sat., July 20, 11 a.m.  
Hohenzollern..... Sat., Aug. 30, 10 a.m.

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**AMERICAN LINE**  
NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON  
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.  
St. Paul..... Aug. 7 St. Paul..... Aug. 28  
St. Louis..... Aug. 11 St. Louis..... Sept. 4  
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New York—Antwerp—Paris  
Pennland..... July 24 Vlaardingen..... Aug. 7  
Southwark..... July 31 Kensington..... Aug. 14  
"New Twin Screw Steamers calling at  
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E. M. MELVILLE, Can. Pass. Agent, Toronto

**Be Sure You Are Right—Then Go  
Ahead.**

Doubtless the above is followed out by every one when it is possible, but "How are we to know?" Take a tip about the line to select when going to New York. The New York Central is best—take it and you are sure to be right. Niagara River Line steamers connect at Lewiston. All agents sell their tickets.

**Anecdotal.**

Carl, aged four, has a German nurse who has taught him to say his prayers in German. One evening his friend Ralph, who is six, came to see him just as he was at prayers. Ralph listened open-mouthed for a minute, and then burst out with, "Oh, just listen to Carl! He thinks God's Dutch!"

Two little girls visited a certain Anglican church not a hundred miles from Ottawa, which is noted for its extreme ritualism, says the "Citizen." After the sermon had proceeded for some time, one little girl leaned over and asked the other in a stage whisper: "When does he burn the bugs?" "He doesn't burn bugs," retorted the other, indignantly. "Oh," said the other, evidently disappointed, "my father said they burned insects in this church."

At Arundel, relates Augustus Hare, the guests were astonished by the butler coming in one day abruptly and saying to the Duke: "May it please Your Grace, Lord Thurlow has had an egg." It was one of the ows which existed at Arundel till the time of the present owner, Lord Thurlow's daughter, going round their cages in the wall, had stopped opposite one of them, and looking at the blinking bird, said: "Why, he's just like papa." The bird was ever after called Lord Thurlow.

George IV., as Prince Regent, was very charming when he was not drunk, but he generally was. He asked Curran to dinner one day to amuse him. Curran was up to it, and sat silent all through dinner. This irritated the Prince, and at last, after dinner, when he had had a good deal too much, he filled a glass with wine and threw it in Curran's face, with: "Say something funny, can't you?" Curran, without moving a muscle, threw his own glass or wine in his neighbor's face, saying: "Pass His Royal Highness's joke."

It is related that a Yankee once came to Windsor Castle and insisted on seeing Queen Victoria. They told him it was quite impossible, but he persisted. They tried to explain court etiquette; but he said his business was important. They said no one saw Her Majesty except by appointment, but he only replied that the Queen would be the loser if she declined to see him. Then they told him flat-footed that, before seeing the Queen, he must state the object of his visit. He said he wanted to show her a new piece of furniture—a throne-bed—a perfect throne by day and a perfect bed by night.

At a political meeting held near Sheffield in the last British election, the candidate was late, so to keep the audience in a good humor the chairman recited, as a personal experience, a yarn he had heard at a meeting held more than a hundred miles from Sheffield. The candidate arrived, and,

after making the usual apologies, said that he just had a most comical personal experience. He recounted it. The audience guffawed tremendously. "I have never known that yarn go down so well," said the candidate to the chairman. "It happens to be the same yarn," replied the chairman, "that I have just trotted out myself."

A contributor to "Current Literature" relates the following: "My little nephew John has a great head. His mother, who is an enthusiastic Sunday school worker, often invites her class to her home for an afternoon of recreation and refreshment. On one occasion she thought best to coach John a little in regard to three little fellows, children of poor parents. She told him he must be careful not to hurt their feelings in any way, as they were very proud. During the process of the afternoon play John was heard to remark (apropos of their stiff unsociability), 'You needn't be so stuck-up,' he said. I know some people lots poorer than you are!"

When Booker T. Washington began his early attempts to arouse the colored men of the South to work regularly, save their money, stop stealing chickens, lead good lives, etc., one of his agencies was the establishment of schools. Money was scarce, and it was a day of small beginnings. The first school was held on the porch of a house, but it rapidly outgrew the accommodation, and in casting about for ample facilities, he found an old, abandoned hen-house. Finding a venerable darky idle, he said to him: "Sam, you go up to-morrow morning and clean out that old hen-house back of Mr. —'s house." "Sho'ly, Mr. Washington," was the reply, "you won't clean out a hen-house in de day-time?"

A clergyman desirous of a living went to the Bishop of London and asked him for an introduction to the Lord Chancellor Thurlow. The bishop said: "I should be willing to give it, but an introduction from me would defeat the very end you have in view." However, the clergyman persisted in his request, and the introduction was given. The lord chancellor received him with fury. "So that damned scoundrel the Bishop of London has given you an introduction; as it is he who has introduced you, you will certainly not get the living!" "Well, so the bishop said, my lord," replied the clergyman. "Did the bishop say so?" thundered Lord Thurlow; "then he's a damned liar, and I'll prove him so; you shall have the living." And the man got it.

The Sheriff of —, very rich but rather mean, consulted a clever local doctor, who had made diseases of the eye his special study, concerning his sight. After a careful examination the doctor said a cataract was forming, and there would have to be an operation. "Expensive?" asked the sheriff. "Twenty guineas," was the answer. "Must think it over," said the sheriff. Three months afterwards the sheriff went by appointment to be operated upon by a celebrated London specialist (one hundred and twenty-four miles away). Now, it so happened that the specialist was ill, and had to telegraph for a substitute. Judge of the sheriff's surprise when the door of the operating-room being opened, he found himself face to face with his own local doctor. It was too late to retreat, however, and the operation was performed. "Your fee?" asked the sheriff. "Forty guineas!" was the quiet answer.

The Bishop of Lichfield's wife, Augusta, had many interesting reminiscences of Lord Beaconsfield. One day, at luncheon, she offered him the mustard, "I never take mustard," he replied, in his sepulchral voice. "Oh, don't you?" she said, airily. "No," he continued, in solomest tones: "there are three things I have never used—I have never touched mustard, and I have never made use of an umbrella." "Well," said Augusta, "I can understand the mustard—that is a mere matter of taste; but surely going without the other things must have been sometimes rather inconvenient." "And why should I want them?" continued Disraeli, more sepulchrally than ever: "I live under the shadow of Big Ben, and there is a clock in every room of the House of Commons, so that I cannot possibly require a watch, and as I always go about in a close carriage, I can never want an umbrella." Disraeli was always full of these smart affectations.

Lord Ranfurly, Governor of New Zealand, is one of the most unconventional of noblemen. When in London His Lordship was one of the earliest of risers, and might be seen every morning, wet or fine, clad in a most careless fashion, walking briskly through Oxford street, Regent street, and sometimes Bond street. Over and over again has Lord Ranfurly, a bit fatigued by his long walk, stopped at a certain coffee stall, and enjoyed a cup of tea or coffee. Once His Lordship entered into conversation with the owner. "All sorts and conditions of men stop here at times, I daresay," said Lord Ranfurly, smiling. "I wonder, now, if any dukes or lords ever pull up and have a cup of your tea?" "Maybe they do, and maybe they don't," said the proprietor, curiously. "Supposing, now, I told you that I was a lord? What would you think of it?" continued His Lordship. "I shouldn't think nothing of it," replied the coffee gentleman; "I gets so many liars and loungers a-hanging round this 'ere stall that I ain't surprised at what they says or what they does!"

**Beware of Danger.**

Said the melancholy man: "Do you ever look back on your life and reflect on the opportunities you have missed?" "No, sir," answered the hustler. "It would be just my luck to miss some more while I was brooding over what can't be helped." —"Waverley Magazine."

"You don't mean to say you've left old Krusty's employ?"

"Yes, he made a certain remark in my hearing that made it simply impossible for me to remain there any longer."

"Really? What did he say?"

"He said, 'Get your pay, and get out of here!'" —"Waverley Magazine."

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Have read your letter from an Island mother, and am sure she is very lenient in allowing what I should consider an hour's grace to her stay-up-all-night flock. I thought ten was a proper hour for young people to be in, not necessarily in bed, but in the home-fold, and certainly not out holding tête-à-têtes in shady corners. I can speak as one who has been through the mill and only recently ground out, and am very sure that those Island young people



Boy—Colonel Boozum up in 1120 wants me to bring up a life preserver!  
Clerk—Well, why do you come to me? Don't you know where the bar-room is?

**Why?****A Beautiful Hostelry. A Man's Opinion.**

THE little girl who didn't want to go to heaven because it was crowded and noisy there had no sincerest sympathy the other day when I essayed to go to Hamilton on a Saturday boat. Not that Hamilton is heavily by any means, especially in mid-summer, but that the boat was crowded and noisy. Why, in goodness' name, I ask, is a man, woman or boy privileged to open up a piano and belabor it for an hour, entirely regardless of the wishes of a cabinful of passengers? Why are children allowed to run, whoop and quarrel on the deck, and why do the wandering Jews of tourists insist upon parading around the boat, treading on the feet of peaceable and inoffensive sitters who are wedged between cabin-wall and camp-chairs, brushing aside their books or paper with an armful of bundles, and kicking over carefully moored umbrellas and walking-sticks? Why, for that matter, are passengers allowed to squat in companies in narrow promenades when there is deck-room in plenty elsewhere? Why doesn't the radial railway use a morsel of thought for the convenience of its transient patrons, and not take them to the boat half an hour too soon, and make them wait half a hour on landing for a return car to the city, or to put the shoe on the other foot, why doesn't the boat start a little earlier or later? Why don't they work together, somehow?

Why do the guests of the hotel find it needful to praise and pet the boarders' children before their parents and say weird things of them at other times? Why do the children race and gabble when one wants to sleep in the morning, or why do nurses and babies hold garrulous idlers on the main balcony when one is in the writing-room trying to indite a coherent letter home? There are whys by the yard occurring to me, but I am haunted by a still small why of this sort: "Why don't you stay at home and have things the way you like?"

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It is only when the nerves are weak and exhausted that one experiences the misery of sleeplessness, of irritability and of despondency.

Many an inmate of the insane asylum, many an epileptic, many a sufferer from paralysis and locomotor ataxia, many a victim of nervous prostration, looks back to the time when sleeplessness, irritability and nervousness were the warning symptoms of what was to come to them.

When sleep and rest are impossible, when the wasting process is racking the nerves and sapping the vitality of the body, there must be some means employed to restore the exhausted and debilitated system.

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**Correspondence Coupon.**

The above coupon must accompany every geological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Geological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unattended by coupons are not studied.

Madeline—Avonmore is indeed a specimen; I don't often meet such, and am sure to keep particular remembrance of him according to your orders. You don't say whether you want a delineation, but as this is your third letter, I presume you've already had one. It is splendid writing, clear and matter as well as manner is interesting.

Montreal (E.W.)—I have another study with your name on it, so I add some initials to help you claim your own. You shouldn't write on lines. It destroys the character of your writing.

In any case, I am writing what developed as it might be. It shows ambition, varying impulse, some susceptibility, sympathy, and a will not likely to be easily satisfied or constant. The lack of culture is evident, but writer has ability. There is a good deal of vitality, discretion, practical common sense and tenacity of opinion about it.

Lee Miseries—Don't try to make your life unhappy. Your December birthday is the time inclined to hope than despair. You are very gentle and emphatic. Your sympathies are small and your nature, though kind, not receptive nor liable to expand. There is no ambition, ambition noticeable in life. Some refinement and capacity of affection are shown. I should say you were a creature of undisciplined and somewhat unreasonable mind, with a good idea of the fitness of things, and a conscientious desire to do good work.

Chester—A sturdy, well-made, dominant, and tenacious little dame, sure to respect herself and probably have a good deal of pride and self-reliance. An idealist and very bright and, though fearless, careful and discreet; writer has a pessimistic turn, as so many strong ones do, and loves the traditions and

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ways of old. Warm affection and some generosity are shown—a promising study.

Dimples.—I cannot tell you how to pick a good husband, my dear. Better let him

July 27, 1901

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

9

## Slipshod Use of the English Language.

**M**R. ALFRED AYRES has been for years belaboring actors and actresses for their loose way of pronouncing common words, and he has published a number of popular little books, the latest of them entitled "Some Ill-Used Words," designed to correct the more flagrant errors in speech and writing. In "Harper's Magazine" (July) he makes a plea for more care in the use of our mother-tongue, and indicts the English-speaking people as offenders beyond the people of any other of the civilized nations. He writes:

"From observation I know that in Germany and in France, and I am told that in Spain and in Italy, a critical knowledge of one's mother-tongue is reckoned the most desirable of all the polite accomplishments. Nor do I doubt that the like is true of other continental countries—Holland, Denmark and Sweden, for example. In Berlin, where I once was quite well acquainted, in cultured circles, during an entire evening, no matter how many present, one would not hear a word mispronounced or a sentence wrongly constructed, complicated as the German grammar is. Nor would one hear anything that savored of dialect, except a slight mifounding of the 'g.' All the difficult—and gloriously sonorous—vowel sounds, which never by any chance are made by the lower orders, one would hear made by every one without exception in a cultured circle in all their purity. Never a slip in syntax, never a dative, for example, where the accusative is required, an error constantly made by the less educated."

"In France, one finds the cultured quite as fastidious in their speech as are the cultured Germans. There, too, one hears no mispronouncing, and no involuntary syntactical slips. Euphony with the Frenchman is paramount, and to avoid certain verbal terminations that are ear-offending, he will sometimes employ a construction not strictly grammatical; but aside from that the cultured Frenchman is always strictly grammatical.

"How different in the most cultured English-speaking circles! True, one cannot, without attracting attention, use seen for saw or saw for seen, done for did or put two negatives in a sentence; but one can misuse the auxiliary verbs continually, misuse the tenses, use adverbs where adjectives are required, misuse the cases, use lay for lie, since for ago, without for unless, the indicative where the subjunctive is required, and so on and on, without attracting attention, unless there chances to be a stickler for purity present."

But in matters of orthodoxy Mr. Ayres thinks the English and Americans are especially flagrant offenders. Go where one will, he says, one meets with college and seminary graduates that mispronounce at every breath. He continues:

"Within a month I have met a graduate of a New England college and a graduate of a Pennsylvania seminary that pronounced father, father, and daughter dater. It is quite safe to assert that fully twenty-five per cent. of our educated people pronounce the little, much-used word very incorrectly. Instead of the vowel being pronounced short and up in the teeth, it is pronounced in the throat, which is very objectionable, or it is so prolonged as to make it very long a. One's mispronouncing comes, of course, from one's surroundings. If a child never hears any mispronouncing, it will never mispronounce—at the least, never any of the words in common use. This being true, how desirable it is to pronounce well, since to pronounce ill is evidence, as far as it goes, that one's surroundings have been of the unlettered sort! A gross error, orthographical or grammatical, may quickly take the nap off the handsomest suit that ever came from the tailor."

## The Restlessness of Women.

**I**N the July "Cosmopolitan" Ella Wheeler Wilcox, with characteristic force and directness, deals with what she regards as a very serious and growing evil now prevalent among her sex in this country, at least among those who belong to the well-to-do and upper classes of society. She says:

"One who studies American womanhood with any care must be alarmed at the growing restlessness of the sex. My mountain of mail is often a volcano of seething unrest. It seems a relief to many women—women, doubtless, whom the world supposes to be happy wives and mothers—to write to one they believe to be sympathetic, of the discontent that surges in their hearts."

"To turn from these letters to a social function is to encounter the same elements in another form. Beneath

## Out of Sorts.

Carelessness and neglect, and oftentimes wilful disregard of Nature's laws puts the system out of sorts. Hurried, neglected and irregular meals cause most of the trouble.

No wonder the stomach revolts—goes on strike. Its functions are so necessary to your daily health that when it doesn't act properly your entire body suffers. Bowels clogged, liver inactive, blood impure, bad taste, coated tongue—you feel all pattered out—and you look it.

The result is indigestion, biliousness and constipation, followed by more serious complications if the body's natural functions are not restored at once. To all such sufferers there is a sure, safe, economical and palatable cure—that is time-tested, never-failing Abbey's Effervescent Salt. A laxative that never gripes, gentle, but certain. It gets the bowels back to their normal action. Tones up the stomach. Livens up the liver. Makes the entire system right as a trivet.

## Abbey's Effervescent Salt

All Druggists sell it. 25c and 60c a bottle.

## Reading Habits Destroyed.

**T**HERE is some ground for the belief that the establishment of public libraries is destructive of habits of reading formed when books were scarce. In the current "Critic" Mr. Arthur E. Bostwick presents considerable evidence to show that while books are taken out of the libraries, they are not read, but cursorily glanced over. In the public library of one large American city investigation showed that of works of more than one volume, the second had fewer readers than the first, and the third fewer than the second. This at least indicates that readers do not become interested in the books they take from the library. Mr. Bostwick found one boy who took out two books every fortnight, just to make a reputation as a reader. The boy admitted, when questioned, that somehow he could not manage to read a book through.

In this investigation it was found that the falling off from volume to volume was noticeable in every department of literature, but was the most marked in scientific works. In fiction more purpose was shown to reach the end of a story, but even in the case of popular novels a considerable proportion of the readers dropped off at the close of the first volume. In that library Our Mutual Friend was printed in four volumes, but the readers were respectively 5, 4, 1, 6. Of five who commenced the novel, which many consider Dickens' masterpiece, only one read the third volume, and that one did not finish the story. Uncle Tom's Cabin was divided into two volumes, but of thirty-seven readers of the first volume but twenty-four took out the second volume. In books of history the record was even more lamentable. Of twenty-four readers who commenced Hume's History of England, but one continued to the end. The authors recognized as forming the English standard fare no better. Thirty-eight read the first volume of Chaucer's poetical works, of whom nine read the second, five the third. Forty-eight read the first volume of Emerson's essays, thirteen the second. If these readers read from a sense of duty, their sense of duty will hardly carry them through the real trials of life.

## Pat on the Hot Weather.

"Shure, I am just dripdin' wid sweat; Me shirt an' my collar is wet. I've a 'kerchief that cum from the store, An' I've mopped at me face till it's sore. In weight I'll be shrinkin' If of this heat we have more."

"Shure, I was a grumblin' fool; No, contint with the weather when cool. Faith, I've got me pay. Fur it's hotter to-day. Thin I ever seen it afore. Now Pat's going to grumble no more." —M. R.

## Grandma Went Skating.

One day last winter a little boy who attended a Walnut Hills school, according to the Cincinnati "Enquirer," arrived in the schoolroom not only half an hour late, but very dirty.

"Willie," said the teacher, "why are you late, and why is your face not washed?"

"Please," explained Willie, "my grandmother was out skatin' last night, and she was too tired to get up this morning and get me ready for school."

So absurd an excuse naturally excited the teacher's wrath, and she started an investigation, threatening punishment for Willie's supposed untruthfulness.

To her amazement she found that the boy had told the exact truth. The old lady, who had been an expert skater in her youth, had been tempted to join a skating party. The result was that she felt the next morning, as the boy expressed it, as if her bones were "crackin' like a horse-fiddle," and it took the services of three neighbors to pry her out of bed.

## Expensive Loss of Temper.

Mr. D. of Boston, a devotee of the wheel, was not long ago visiting in one of the small towns of Western Massachusetts. He was taking a spin about its streets shortly after his arrival, when he was run down, as he afterward declared, by a negro, and knocked off his bicycle. The fall not only ruffled his dignity and his clothes, says "Harper's Magazine," but broke his skin and his wheel.

These combined injuries made a breach in his plaid, and he picked up a stone and threw it with accurate aim at the colored man and brother.

This infraction of the peace resulted in his arrest and in his conviction in the local court of justice.

"I fine you five dollars," said the judge. "Have you anything to say?"

"Nothing," replied D., unmollified, "except that I wish I had killed the fellow."

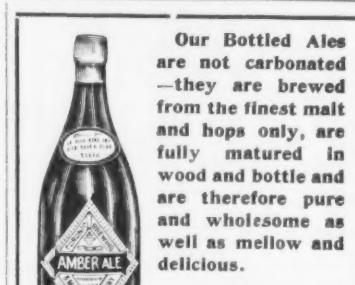
"That remark will cost you five dollars more," rejoined His Honor.

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TORONTO, CANADA

## Emperador Sherry

has a big body, but it is not heavy on the palate. It consists mainly of Amontillado passado, which means that the Wine has "passed" the Amontillado stage by age.

These Wines are little known in America as yet, but they are sure to be much appreciated, because they are fruity with a dry or nutty aftertaste.



A clerk in a prominent insurance office in Pittsburgh relates his experience with Stuart's Catarrh Tablets in a few words but to the point. He says: "Catarrh has been almost constantly with me for eight years; in this climate it seems impossible to get rid of it. I awoke every morning stuffed up, and for the first half hour it was cough, gag, expectorate and sneeze before I could square myself for my day's work, no appetite, and a foul breath which annoyed me exceedingly."

"I used Stuart's Catarrh Tablets for two months, and found them not only pleasant to take, but they did the business, and I can sincerely recommend them to all catarrh sufferers."

Druggists sell Stuart's Catarrh Tablets for 50 cents for full-sized package. They can be carried in the vest pocket and used at any time and as often as necessary. Guaranteed free from cocaine, mercury or any mineral poison; absolutely safe.

Farming Told on Him.

It was not a Canadian farmer of whom an English paper tells a story, although the incident might possibly be matched in this country. The agriculturist in question had been to a rent dinner to enjoy himself among men of his own walk in life, while his hard-working wife stayed at home and saw to it that the farm suffered no loss in his absence.

"I'm about tired out," was the man's greeting upon his return. "Is t' cows in t' barn?"

"Yes, long since," replied his spouse, barely stopping a moment from her duties to glance at him as she spoke.

"Is t' horses unharnessed and fed?" he enquired.

"Yes."

"Fowls locked up?"

"Yes."

"Wood chopped for mornin'?"

"Yes."

"Wagon-wheel mended and ready to start in t' mornin'?"

"Yes."

"Oh, then," concluded the good man with a sigh of relief, "let me have my supper and turn in. Farmin' is be-ginnin' to tell on me."

## A Legend of Creation.

A French periodical publishes the following legend: In order to please the world, God desired to create a man of each nation, and accordingly took a piece of earth from which he formed a negro, a Chinaman, an Indian, etc. There still remained two men to complete the number on which he had decided. But there was no more earth, and so he seized the first animal that presented itself, which happened to be a butterfly. He took off its wings, gave it arms and legs, endowed it with a soul and set it in a corner of the earth. This was the first Frenchman. He proceeded again in like manner, and this time seized an ant, of which he made the first Englishman. This, says the French periodical, accounts for the great success the Englishman has in trade, and moreover accounts for the different temperaments of the two nations.

Clarence—Why do you say the wedding was patriotic? Algernon—Well, the bride was red, the groom was white, and her father, who had all the bills to pay, was blue.—Baltimore "World."

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.



**T**HE announcements already made give promise that the coming musical season will be more interesting than the last. Arrangements have just been completed with the manager of Massay Hall for the appearance of Paur's New York Symphony Orchestra, and negotiations are in progress for the engagement by the Mendelssohn Choir of the Pittsburgh Orchestra, under the direction of Victor Herbert. The New York Orchestra has, according to report, made wondrous progress in all the details of fine playing since it was here about two years ago. The Pittsburgh Orchestra, to which Mr. Carnegie is a large subscriber, is now conceded to be one of the finest orchestras in the United States. Two nights of opera are promised by the Metropolitan Opera House Company, under the direction of Mr. Grau, and there will be some kind of a festival undertaken by local management during the visit of the Duke of Cornwall and York. These events, taken by themselves, will at least give the season some distinction.

The fickle Patti is about to abandon Wales as her home, in favor of Sweden. In her little receiving room at the Albert Hall, after her last concert, Mme. Patti welcomed a crowd of friends, old and new, and among them M. Labori. In capital health and spirits, she chatted away, and told everybody how delighted she was at the prospect of living in Sweden, "my husband's country." The King and Queen of Sweden have, it is said, expressed much pleasure that the world-renowned diva should become one of their subjects, however late in the day.

Private musical parties are very expensive sometimes in London, England. Mr. Astor last month gave a big musical at his house, which was attended by "everybody." The music cost \$1,000, but the artists were Paderewski, Melba, Plancon, and Kubelik.

At the second performance this season at Covent Garden of Carmen, with Calve in the title role, the receipts amounted to \$7,000.

London "Truth" thinks that there is no good reason to subsidize opera in London. Good music, the editor thinks, pays without subsidy. Covent Garden, without official subsidy, shows a very fair balance sheet. Carl Rosa, who gave opera under imposing conditions, was neither a philanthropist nor a pauper; while Sir Arthur Sullivan for some years drew upwards of £30,000 a year from the profits of his melodious and always acceptable operatic work.

The "Daily News" (London) clamors for new tenors and prima donnas. It says that these blessings cannot be obtained from the subsidized music schools, but must be found in the musical world at large. Wachtel was picked up from the cab rank, Lucca was a member of a chorus, and Nilsson began her career singing in the streets of a Swedish village. No doubt the present prima donnas who get the best engagements in Europe are somewhat ancient, but who is to explore the byways of the continent in search of genuses to replace them?

News about the progress of the subscription scheme for the memorial organ will be very acceptable in these days of dearth of general musical gossip.

The programme of an organ recital recently given in a church at Leicester included Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor. A gentleman who arrived somewhat late was shown into a pew occupied by lady. Wishing to know how many pieces had been played, he turned to the lady and said: "Excuse me, madam, but has the organist played the Bach?" "Oh, dear no," she replied; "he is only playing the organ this afternoon."

The Societe de Chant Classique recently gave the Paris public an opportunity of hearing Handel's Judas Macabeus. The work, which was given in its entirety, was well rendered by the choir and orchestra, under the direction of M. Danbe. M. Guilmant was the organist.

Miss Lilian Littlehales, the talented Canadian violincellist, who has been in Europe since last September continuing her studies under Herr Hugo Becker, will sail on the return home on August 24. Miss Littlehales, in letters to her relatives, gives glowing accounts of her experiences in Germany. She was present at both the Bonn and Heidelberg musical festivals, which by reason of their extraordinary artistic worth will remain red-letter events in her life. Among the performances which interested her most during the Bonn festival were those by the famous Joachim quartette of Berlin and by a trio composed of Joachim, violin; Haussman, cello, and Paderewski, piano. The audience of 1,300 or more was made up of prominent musicians and music-lovers from all over Germany, and the character of the assemblage and the occasion inspired the great artists to supreme efforts, and their marvelous interpretation inspired their hearers in turn. In speaking of Paderewski's playing of a Beethoven sonata between two of the concerted numbers at one of the concerts, Miss Littlehales says at no time previously when she has heard him play did he seem to lose his own individuality so completely in that of the composer as on this occasion. It was an ideal Beethoven performance. As for the aged Joachim, his share in the quartettes and the trio was the perfect effort of a great and intelligent artist. On April 21 last Miss Littlehales, assisted by Fraulein Erika von Binzer, pianist, gave a concert in Munich, which called forth complimentary reviews from the conservative critics of that city. The Neuste Nachrichten, in commenting upon the playing of Miss Littlehales, said: "Miss Littlehales is already a finished artist, whose playing is distin-

guished not only by manifest technical superiority, but above all by qualities which show that one has here indeed to do with a musical talent of extraordinary strength. To mention only two special points: I have not in the course of this winter heard many instrumental soloists who can rival this young lady in regard to the true fundamental of music—the rhythm—and just as seldom is to be found an individuality of conception so fresh, spirited and artistic as that which put a real interest into the hearing of even so unimportant a virtuoso piece as the Tarantelle, by Popper." The Munich "Zeitung" said: "The energetic bowing, the decided and determined style, which distinguished her performance placed her in an individual relationship with her programme partner. Her fine and withal strong tone, free from weak sentimentality, came out specially in the Bizet Adagietto, and the Schumann Traumerei given as an encore number. Her splendid technique was displayed among other things in a Popper virtuoso piece."

Lilli Lehmann will have another concert tour in America next season, which will last from October till May. She is still acknowledged to be the greatest of all "leder" singers.

Mr. Torrington has no easy task before him in drilling the great adult chorus of 2,000 voices which will sing to do honor to the Duke of Cornwall and York in October next. I was present at the New York Music Festival of 1881, at which the grand chorus consisted of 1,200 voices, and well remember the trouble the late Dr. Damrosch had in securing unanimity of attack from the singers. From a comparative point of view, however, Mr. Torrington's programme will be of a simple nature, and his chorus will find less difficulty in keeping together than did that of Dr. Damrosch in such complicated music as Berlioz's Grande Messe des Morts, or Rubinstein's Tower of Babel. Big things are sometimes done in music even in conservative England. I note that at the Crystal Palace, London, on June 22, Sullivan's Golden Legend was sung by a chorus of 3,000 voices, supported by an orchestra of 500 performers.

Great artists are as a rule modest and unassuming. The following anecdote is related about Paderewski. When told by Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria, perhaps the most accomplished musician of all the members of the royal family, that he was "surely inspired," he answered: "Your Royal Highness will, I dare say, be surprised when I tell you that I remember the day when I was quite an indifferent player. I was determined, however, to be what the world calls a genius—and to be a genius I well knew that I must first be a drudge, for genius and drudgery always go hand-in-hand. Genius," said Paderewski spoke excitedly, "is three-quarters drudgery—that's what genius is. I at one time practiced day after day, year after year, till I became almost insensible to sound—became a machine, as it were. Now Paderewski is a genius, says the world. Yes; but Paderewski. Your Royal Highness, was a drudge before he was a genius."

Jules Devoyard, the famous French baritone, died the other day in Moscow in very sad circumstances. He was singing in Rigoletto in a summer theater, and after the duet with Gilda in the second act he fell to the stage and died almost immediately. Devoyard had been for some time in trouble, and his poverty had compelled him to accept whatever employment he could find. He lost his savings some years ago in an attempt to manage a theater, and when he wanted to return to the stage his voice was gone. He had lived for some years in Russia, where he went some time ago to sing, and, like the country, settled there. He had lost every cent, and when he died his only possessions were a few small coins in his pockets. He left a wife and family of small children. Two years ago he returned to Paris and appeared at one of the private opera houses, but his voice had quite failed him, and he went back to Russia.

On Friday evening July 5, after choir practice, Mr. Thomas Nichols was made the recipient of a lovely gold watch, appropriately inscribed, from the members of the choir and congregation of the Church of the Messiah, as an expression of good-will and esteem for their musical director, Rev. J. Gillespie, in a very complimentary speech, made the presentation, after which refreshments were served, bringing an enjoyable evening to a close.

Death has just removed one of the most prominent figures at the London Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts for the past forty years, in the person of Alfredo Piatti, the great Italian solo violincellist. Piatti was a perfect master of his instrument, combining with wonderful technic a pure and sonorous tone and faultless intonation. For years he has occupied the post of cellist in the quartettes led by Joaching in London, and has contributed in no little measure to the success of the Monday Popular Concerts. He was born at Bergamo in 1832, his father being a well-known violinist of the time. He studied under Zanetti, and was playing in an orchestra at the age of seven. In 1832 he was accepted at the Milan Conservatoire, studied under Merighi, and made his debut as a soloist five years later. In 1844 he went to England and made so pronounced and instantaneous a success that he was induced to take up his residence in London during the musical season of each year. He made his first public appearance in London at a concert at which Mendelssohn played Beethoven's piano concerto in G, but notwithstanding the fact, he won an unqualified triumph. Piatti was a composer of some merit. In addition to a concerto and two concertos for his instrument, he published some graceful songs with violoncello obligato. He also reintroduced to public notice many old and forgotten sonatas by Veracini, Locatelli, Boccherini, and Valentini.

Mrs. Clancy (boastfully)—My husband was wan o' the pall-bearers at Callahan's funeral. Mrs. Casey (spitfully)—Aye! An' well fitted for the job he was. He's used to carryin' the bier that some wan'lle pays fur—Philadelphia "Press."

## Wagner's Treatment of Animals.

**A** STRONG sense of justice or a strong love for animals must have actuated Richard Wagner, to judge by the stories told of him in the "Staats-Zeitung" by Auguste Wilhelmi, the celebrated violinist. The "Literary Digest" translates the stories.

Anyone who wished to enter the narrow circle of Wagner's friends, says the writer, was compelled to earn that privilege by adopting a superannuated dog or a crippled canary.

I was present when the young Countess Arnim was conducted into the "Home for Incurables," in which he kept a collection of aged and infirm animals for distribution among his friends. After making her selection among the inmates the countess had to sign a paper in which she promised to take the best possible care of the animal as long as it should live, and this as a return for the services rendered to mankind by animals.

The last time I was in Baireuth, Wagner was hard at work on "Tristan and Isolde." One day, as we were walking together in silence—for even to stroll his guests seldom ventured to interrupt the current of his thoughts—he suddenly stopped and exclaimed, angrily: "Look! Look there!"

He pointed to a boy who was fastening a string about a large stone. The other end of the string was tied to a dog's leg. Wagner hastened up to the lad and demanded what he was doing. "Going to drown the dog," said the boy.

"Because he is old and no good. He's half-blind."

"How long have you had him?" asked Wagner.

"About ten years as a house dog. He used to draw milk and vegetables to market," was the response.

"So!" exclaimed Wagner. "And now you won't give this faithful servant food and lodging in his old age. Shame on you!"

"No, we can't be bothered with a sick old dog," answered the yokel, proceeding with his executioner's work.

Then Wagner seized his arm and said: "Here is a thaler (about seventy cents). I will buy the dog. Take yourself off, and remember that you were about to do something shameful. A beast feels the sting of ingratitude as keenly as a man."

The boy went off, blushing a little, but carefully pocketing the coin, and the dog, attempting to follow, was driven back. Wagner then tried to coax the dog to stay with us, but as he stooped to stroke him the beast bit his hand. Wagner turned pale and uttered a cry of pain, and I raised my cane to chastise the snarling brute. But Wagner stopped me.

"Would you kill him for being blind to your old master?" he asked.

He bandaged the injured limb, and, strange to relate, when he made a second attempt to caress the dog, the animal, as if conscious of his fault and anxious to make amends, licked the hand that stroked him. From that moment Karo, who, under Wagner's care, soon presented a respectable appearance, was constantly at his master's side.

Wagner could not use his right hand for two weeks, and his work suffered seriously, but no one ever heard him utter a word of complaint, although he was usually impatient of the slightest annoyance or interruption.

Smart Summer Weddings

call one's attention to R. Score & Son's new consignment of nuptial neckwear—white corded silk, white silk brocade and basket pattern white silk—elegant English goods. Score's are showing splendid lines of gray chevrons for wedding coats, stylish designs in gray stripe effects for trousers, and a charming and exclusive line of fancy gray silk and wool material for wedding waistcoats. 77 King street west has everything needful for the bridegroom-to-be, from the wedding tie down to the wedding hose and traveling rug.

The Kidnapped Millionaires.

The abduction of people has been an expedient of revenge or plunder and a theme for romance since the dawn of history, but those who read Mr. Adams' entrancing story will not charge that his plot is borrowed from the tales of De Fee, Reade or Doyle. The charm of the story consists in the impressive probability of a p'tit which at first sight would seem impossible. It is a story in which humor, romance, adventure, trusts, syndicates and the fever of the stock exchange unite in a bit of marvelous and fascinating realism. The tale is both unique and original, and is a radical and pleasing departure from that prevalent fiction which carries the reader back into regions with which he is not familiar.

Reminder to Readers.

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Subscription 20 cents per month, or three months 50 cents.

Too Long a Journey.

**T**HE Chicago "Inter-Ocean" tells the following story, which smacks of a well-known type of Old Country-man:

Before the train for the West had fairly pulled out of the depot at Jersey City, all the passengers in the day coach knew the elderly gentleman in the front seat was bound for Chicago. Also that he had left his home in Limerick two weeks before to join his son "Tommy," whom he had not seen in twenty years. Sundry bags, boxes and packages that completely filled the aisle around his seat proved he was well prepared for the journey.

He seemed as happy as a schoolboy when he spoke of meeting his boy in Chicago. As the first movement of the train denoted that the long ride had begun he was bubbling over with the delightful anticipation of the pleasure in store for him. Again and again he told how "Tommy" had left home for "America" when sixteen years old, settled in Chicago, earned lots of money and finally sent transportation to his

old dad to join him in the Western metropolis.

When the train was out a half-hour or more the old gentleman became anxious, peering out of the window and changing from one seat to another. Finally the conductor came through for tickets, and the Chicago passenger enquired of him if they were near his station yet. The conductor smiled and shook his head. The train stopped at a small town in Western New Jersey and the man's face brightened up as he asked a young woman seated beside him if it was Chicago. He became more and more nervous as the train started up again. Passengers who had been interested in their newspapers and magazines laid them aside to watch the antics of the old man. Whenever the train slowed up he would start from his seat to know if they had finally reached the big town where his son was waiting for him.

Finally, as the train pulled into the beautiful Broad Street Station at Philadelphia, a majority of those in the coach prepared to leave the train, and with them the man from Limerick. The conductor, who saw him get off, walked up to him and said: "This isn't your station. Your ticket calls for Chicago. You have a long ride ahead of you yet." "Ain't this Chicago?" "No. You must travel all the rest of the afternoon, all night to-night, and nearly all day to-morrow before you reach Chicago." The face of the man from the Green Isle was a study. He looked at the man in uniform for fully a minute, apparently trying to grasp the meaning of the words he had just heard. Then he said: "I—must—travel—all—the—rest—of—the—day, all—night—to-night—and—all—all day—to-morrow—before—I-reach-Chicago?" "Of course you must," said the conductor. "Well," said he, "I'll be damned if I go." And he didn't. Nothing the conductor could say to him would make him get aboard the train again. The last seen of him when the cars rounded the curve outside the station, he was making his way toward the waiting-room.

Teacher—if you can get a bun for a half-penny, what can you get for a penny? Johnny (eagerly)—A tea-cake? "Pick-Me-Up."

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

**Social and Personal.**

Mr. D. M. Steers is in town from Washington for his vacation, and is visiting his mother and his sister, Mrs. Monahan, of Broadalbane street. Mr. Steers holds a responsible position in the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company of Washington.

A flying visit to Toronto was made this week by Lord Lamington, ex-Governor of Queensland, Lady Gordon and her brother, Mr. Montague Sweet, registered at the Queen's Hotel this week.

The marriage of Miss Nellie Tenny, daughter of the late Mr. Walter Tenny, to Mr. Chester Wilkinson of John's Quebec, took place in St. Mark's Church, Parkdale. The service was read by the rector, Rev. Charles Ingles, and wedding music was played by Miss Morris. The bride, who was escorted by Mr. William Bain, wore a handsome tailor-made travelling costume of navy blue cloth, appliqued with blue, a short coat and a vest of corded white silk and a bodice of white tuck silk. She wore a white hat, trimmed with white chiffon, and carried white roses. Her bridesmaids, Miss Mabel Morrison, wore pale gray voile over gray taffeta, trimmed with touches of burnt orange, and a black picture hat. The groomsmen was Mr. Fred Bain. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson left for a journey to the United States and Quebec and will return to town for a brief visit before going to their future home in St. John's.

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## Extract From an Historical Novel.

The day was exceeding fair and I was strolling in the park, taking the air and wondering whether the day might perchance bring me an encounter—three days having gone by without a single adventure.

Presently a stout person of goodly size and belligerent appearance approached, gazing at the house-tops. He jostled me and trod upon my toes.

"Ha! caiff!" I cried, with my most terrifying frown. "Zounds! 'Death! Gad-zooks! Draw and defend thyself!"

The stranger, however, merely regarded me with a look of profound admiration.

"Well, by gosh!" he said. "How in Sam Hill do ye do it?"

I was in a rage. "Egad!" I roared, waving my blade until it became a blaze of light. The stranger whooped again.

"Bully!" he cried, slapping himself upon the thigh in great satisfaction. Then he approached me and held out a small, stiff piece of parchment.

"My card!" said he. "I am looking for just such a man as you to take the part of 'Sir Calamity Bones' in my new farce-comedy which is soon to go on the road in—"

Again I wist that I was out of my zone and that things were not what they used to be: whereupon I sheathed my trusty blade and dissolved.—San Francisco "Bulletin."

## Safety From Lightning.

Discussing this subject in the London "Daily Mail" a writer arrived at the following conclusion.

"If out of doors, keep away from trees, haystacks, houses, large sheets of water, river banks, etc. If in the open plain, where there are no trees or buildings, you are safer lying down than standing up. If near a wood, stay there, and do not go nearer. If near a single tall tree, you are pretty safe thirty yards away. Indoors you are safest of all if you adopt Franklin's plan. Find the geometrical center of the room. Hang up a hammock by silken cords, get in, and stay there. Falling a hammock, sit on one chair in the middle of the room with your feet on another, first placing beneath them a feather bed or hair mattress. But do not sit under the gas chandelier. Whether out of doors or indoors keep away from the chimney, or from metallic masses of any kind. And possess your souls in patience."

## Accounted For.

Mrs. Slimson—Willie, your shirt is dripping.

Willie—Yes'm. Some boys tempted me to go in swimming, and I ran away from them so hard that I got into an awful perspiration.—"Bazar."

## What It Meant.

Mrs. Von Blumer—How tired I am of society—nothing but foam and froth, nothing deep or lasting, nothing worth while—no sincerity anywhere.

Von Blumer—Who's snubbed you now?—"Bazar."

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## MONDAY, JULY 29th—

10.30 a.m.—Opening of English Literature Class by Wm. Houston, M.A. 8 p.m.—A Chautauqua Illustrated Lecture, showing growth and influence of Chautauqua movement.

**Steamer TYPHON** leaves Yonge Street Wharf Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 9.30 a.m.; Monday and Friday 10.30; Saturday at 2 p.m. Return fare, 75c. Wednesday and Saturday, return, 50c.

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Expenses of English Corona-  
tions.

EDWARD VII'S coronation expenses are likely to be extremely lavish, the precedent of George IV, being followed rather than that of Victoria. When George III passed away the people had experienced no coronation solemnities for more than sixty years, and it was, perhaps excusably, felt that the occasion called for some larger display than when that long-lived monarch came to the throne. The sum, accordingly, which the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the day fixed in his own mind as a working maximum was £100,000. When the bill came to be presented it was discovered that the total expenditure ran to £238,000.

Now, when Victoria was crowned, it is to be remembered that there was a coronation only seven years before, and another ten years before that, so that most men of middle age had already tasted the sweets and borne the expense of two great festivals of pageantry. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that when the Duchess of Kent came to discuss matters with her daughter's ministers of state, it was felt that sheer lavish display would be out of place, and the consequence was that the whole cost was brought well within the estimate.

The cost of arranging the Abbey ran into £30,000. The Lord Chamberlain's Department absorbed £14,000, the Master of the Horse and the Mistress of the Robes got £13,000 between them, the Earl Marshal and the heralds put in a bill for £1,800, the cost of the commemorative medals was £5,000, and £5,500 was spent on fireworks, illuminations and free theaters. The lot came to £69,421.

Now, one reason why the coronation of George IV, cost so much more, and, indeed, surpassed the expenditure upon any event of the kind before or since, was because there was a banquet provided for about two thousand hungry and thirsty souls who had eaten nothing all day because of their duties in the Abbey. It was a royal feed. The turtle alone filled eighty tureens, the turbot lay upon the same number of dishes, and there were eighty dishes also of salmon and trout.

The butcher's and game bills came to a respectable total, as follows: Beef,

7,442 pounds; veal, 7,633 pounds; mutton, 20,474 pounds; lamb, 20 quarters, 20 legs and 5 saddles; 55 quarters of grass lamb; sweetbreads, 160; cow heels, 389; calves' feet, 400; geese, 170; capons, 720; chickens, 1,616; bacon, 1,730 pounds; butter, 912 pounds; and 3,400 eggs. Nor was the flushing of the necks of the two thousand forgotten, as witness the wine bill: 100 dozen champagne, 200 dozen claret, 50 dozen each hock, Moselle and Madeira; 350 dozen sherry and port, 20 dozen Burgundy and 100 gallons ice punch.

### Le Gallienne as Satirist.

In the "Rambler," Numb. 210, Richard Le Gallienne, Esquire, has what he himself would no doubt call a "little paper" on "The Desire of the Star for the Moth." We held ourselves to the following excerpts:

"Of course, there are very big successful Stars who affect that the Hero-worshipper Moth is a Nuisance, and build themselves about with Bastions of Privacy, through which no Ray of their Shining can reach the most persevering Moth—but then, you see, they are so sure of their Moths. I wonder if the Time should come when the Flocks of Little Pilgrims up to their dizzy Radiance begin to slacken, and the Roar of Moth-Wings outside their guarded Country-seats to grow fainter—and it has happened so with some very great Stars indeed—if they would not become a little insecure in their Feeling of Starriness, and perhaps even at last unshutter a Window, and let slip a Thread of their celestial Selves; lest the Moths should grow discouraged, and perhaps cease coming at all."

"I have heard that some Stars of this Magnitude charge the Moth Half a Guinea for their Autographs—strictly, of course, for the Benefit of the Hospitals. Such Stars are, you can imagine, very sure of themselves. But there is another kind of big Star that makes quite as fine a Blaze as those of which I have been speaking, yet is by no means so unsocial; on the Contrary is smilingly, even eagerly, accessible to every Moth that is so kind and appropriate as to take the Trouble to call with its Homage. It often indeed makes the Moth to stay for lunch, and makes it promise to be sure to come again."

It is somewhat unusual to find Mr. Le Gallienne playing literary satirist in

this rather obvious manner. But at the moment he is living in New York, which possibly accounts for it. Possibly, too, suggests the "Outlook," the falling-off in the stream of motifs which formerly drifted in a certain direction has filled his soul with revolt.

### A Mummy as Hostess.

M. GUIMET, the celebrated Orientalist, who has founded in Paris a museum which bears his name, gave the other day a five o'clock tea, "to meet the beautiful Thais," relates a correspondent in Paris. Thais, as one knows, was the famous courtesan who lived in the third century, and was so blonde and lovely that all the gentlemen of Alexandria lost their appetites and sleep on her account. The smartest people were invited, and, to begin with, an excellent luncheon was served. This was a wise precaution, for—who knows?—they might not have been able to enjoy the rare Oriental sweets of M. Guimet after they had paid their visit to Thais, in her sarcophagus, for Thais was a mummy.

The once beautiful lady received her visitors lying down on her narrow couch of white marble. A gossamer veil of gold was on her face, which is somewhat damaged, while in her dainty slippers of scarlet cloth embroidered with real pearls very little feet were to be seen. But she still wore her superb hair, once like liquid copper, now somewhat faded and of a vague color, though abundant and silky. Round her neck was a necklace formed by two rows of unpolished pearls. Her woolen yellow gown is of a texture so fine that nothing of the kind could be found nowadays, and she wears a bodice of orange striped silk, which is tied round her waist by a sash of the most delicate salmon-pink hue.

Beside her were many pretty things, such as a bread-basket in silver filigree, two mugs of chiseled gold, two bronze crosses—for Thais became a Christian while she was still young and lovely—and a sort of prayer-book in light lather of pale wood. A few other mummies keep her company, most of them being also surrounded by quaint and curious things very interesting to look at. One of the most clever lady writers was so struck by them that she is going to write a series of articles on the subject, beseeching the friends and relations of our modern dead to imitate the people of antiquity and fill their tombs with articles that were once beloved by them, so that some 2,000 years hence scholars and artists may form an idea of the Parisian civilization in the twentieth century.

### Some Scotch Examination Papers.

London "Chronicle."

A correspondent proposes the following questions for the next matriculation examination at the Scotch universities: First—Geography—Draw a map of the United States, marking London, Glasgow and Birmingham. Second—Rule of Three—If a man does a piece of work in four days, how much quicker will an American do it at half the salary? Third—Political Economy—The Yankee millionaires over here they "feel as if this were their own country." The German Emperor, when last visiting us, declared he felt "perfectly at home." Account for this. Fourth—History—Write a note on the invasions of Great Britain and the rebellion and subsequent subjugation of the Angles. Give dates of the accessions of Yerkes L. Sloan, Morgan the Contractor, and the other conquerors; also of the beatification of St. Carnegie. Say what you know of any of these. Fifth—Trade Problem—You are an English manufacturer. An extensive order is received for locomotives for a trans-African railway. Which would you do—demand an entire alteration of the railway to fit the six locomotives you have in stock, or recommend an American rival? Sixth—Travel—You are an American millionaire traveling for recreation. Which would you take back with you as souvenir—London or Paris? State your reasons for preferring one of these trinkets.

### Stage Asides.

Fanny Kemble once gave a most amusing instance of the extent to which "stage whispering" may be carried on unknown to the audience. It was in a well-known theater, and "Romeo and Juliet" was the play.

Romeo was at the words (stage version, not Shakespeare's), "Quick let me snatch thee to my Romeo's arms," when he pounced upon her, and lifting her up bodily staggered down the stage.

"Let me go," she whispered, "you've got me up horribly; let me down," but all in vain. The climax came at the passage, "Tear not my heart-strings thus; they break, they crack, Juliet!" (still the stage version), when—

Juliet (to corpse)—Am I smothering you?

Corps—Not at all; but could you, do you think, be so kind as to put my wig on again for me?—It is falling off.

Juliet (to corpse)—I am afraid I can't, but I'll throw my muslin veil over it. You have broken the vial, have you?

Corps—No, indeed.

Juliet—Where's the dagger?

Corps—For my soul, I don't know. All these "asides" went unknown to the audience in the very crisis of the tragedy.

### Unraveling a Mystery.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER is an enthusiastic lover of the delightful Berkshire region of Western Massachusetts, says the Philadelphia "Post," and has a sumptuous home there. He loves to climb the hills, to drive about the charming roads, to fish in the waters,

With a close friend, a well-known New York artist, he set out one day for an all-day drive. Both were entranced by the scenery and delighted by the succession of fine homes, old and new, that they passed.

Suddenly the artist and Mr. Gilder uttered an involuntary cry of pleasure, for there right in front of them, as they bounded a bend, was a beautiful old home. Its pillars stood like sentinels at the entrance, its fan-shaped window, its gambrel roof, its picturesque gables, its quaint old-fashioned air, were very charming, and

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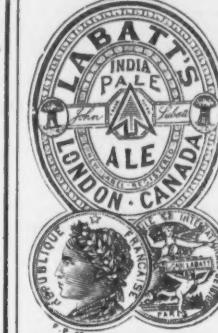
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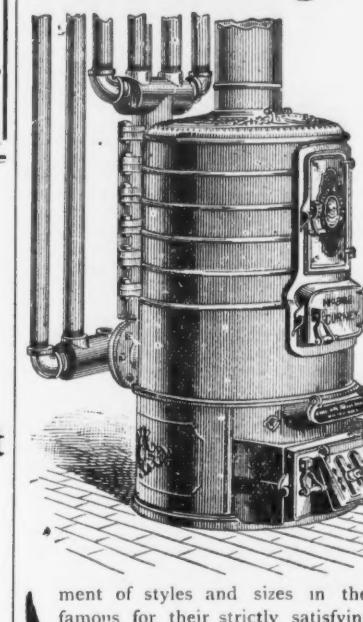


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"My little man," said the visiting pastor, "I am afraid you've been fighting. A black eye! Don't you want me to pray to you?" "Naw," said the good little man; "run home and pray with your own kid. He's got two black eyes."—Philadelphia Press."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

### Burts.

Somers—July 19th. Mrs. G. T. Somers, Thompson's son. Thompson—July 19th. Mrs. Boyce Thompson, Toronto, a son. Haywood—July 19th. Mrs. Alfred Haywood, Toronto, a son. Lumness—July 21st. Mrs. Wm. Lumness, Toronto, a daughter. McNamee—July 1st. Mrs. Hugh McNamee, Huntsville, a daughter. Graham—July 21st. Mrs. G. T. Graham, Kingsmill—July 20th. Mrs. Charles E. Kingsmill, Toronto, a son. Nelies—July 17th. Mrs. Leslie M. Nelies, Niagara-on-the-Lake, a son.

### Marriages.

Wheeler—Tresidder—At the residence of the bride's mother, 462 Bathurst Street, on July 24th, by the Rev. Dr. Stanhope Bell. Lillian, daughter of the late John Tresidder, to Edward Wheeler, Secretary People's Coal Co., both of Toronto. Conroy—Tina—July 23rd, at Toronto; Heddie Vicar Cowle to Carrie Belegaigne Tinning. Wilkinson—Fenny—July 23rd, at Parkdale, Chester G. Wilkinson to Ellinore Burns. Binns—Appelbe—July 22nd, at Hamilton. George M. Binns to Ethel May Appelbe. Storrs—Cooper—July 17th, at Brampton. Henry C. Stork to Harrer Cooper. Docker—Davidson—At Toronto, John McGregor Docker to Alice Maude Davidson. Lander—James—July 18th, at Toronto, Robert Lander to Mary E. James. Roche—Neale—July 17th, at Toronto, George Lennon Roche to Maude S. Neale. Langley—Porter—July 17th, at Toronto, Ernest F. Langley to Carrie F. Porter. Parker—Dandy—July 17th, at Cayuga, Wm. P. Dandy, B.A., to Annie Bethune Parker. McNichol—Coulter—July 17th, at Toronto, Etta McNichol to Avalena Coulter.

### Deaths.

Carroll—June 21st, at St. Catharines. Jane Wilson Carroll, aged 75 years. Gallagher—July 23rd, at Toronto, Robert S. Gallagher, in his 48th year. Anderson—July 21st, at Port Dover, Orlas Anderson, in his 31st year. Prentice—July 22nd, at Unionville, Emma Jane Prentice. Baldwin—July 22nd, at Ridgewood, Morris Baldwin, aged 39 years. Norton—July 22nd, at Albany, N.Y., Edward Norton, in his 20th year. Wilkie—At Chicago, Reginald V. G. Wilkie, in his 23rd year. Thomas—July 22nd, at Toronto, Fanny Trev Thompson, aged 26 years. Otter—July 17th, drowned at Montreal, Bruce Osborne Otter, aged 13 years. Bowes—July 20th, at Hamilton, John George Bowes, aged 18 years. Mulholland—July 21st, at Toronto, Thomas B. Mulholland, in